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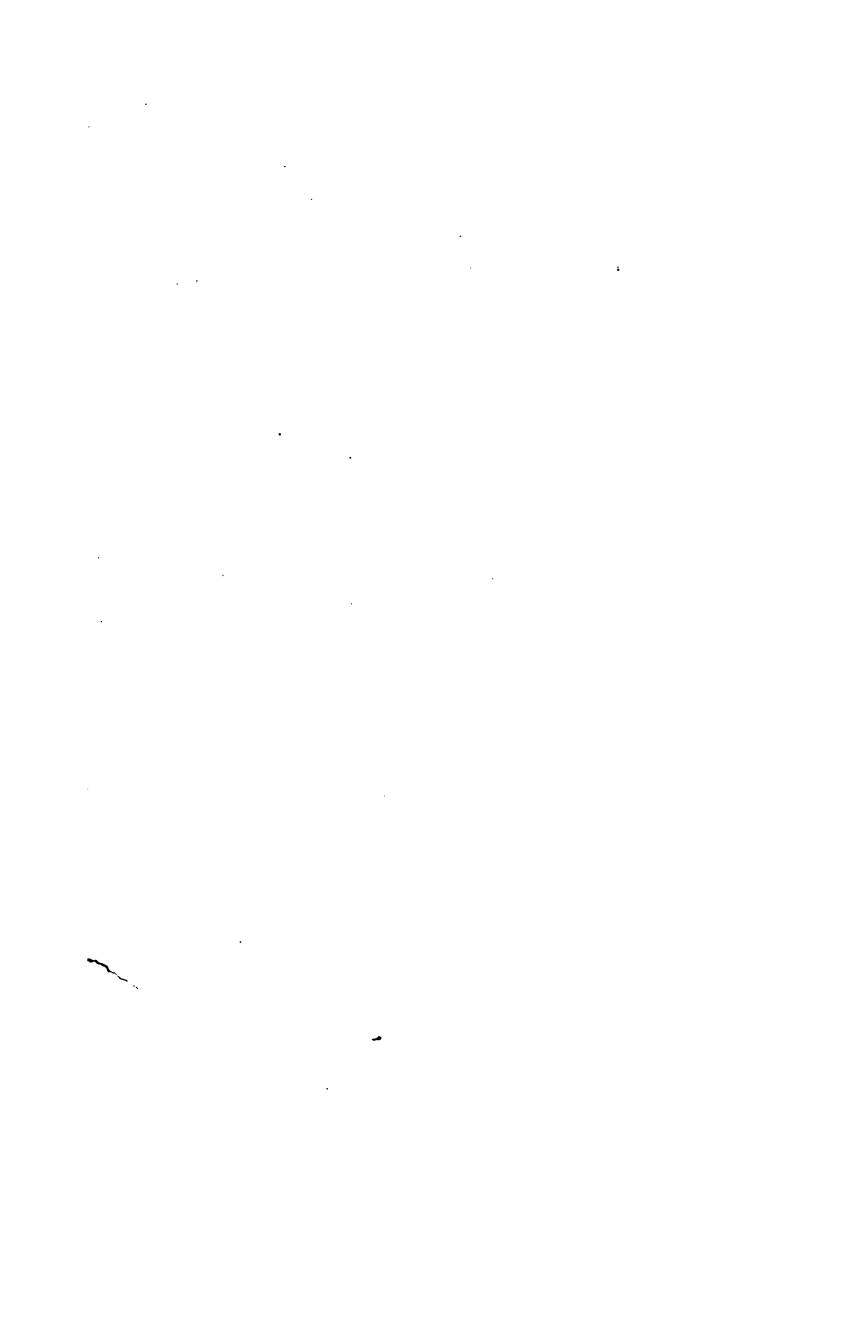
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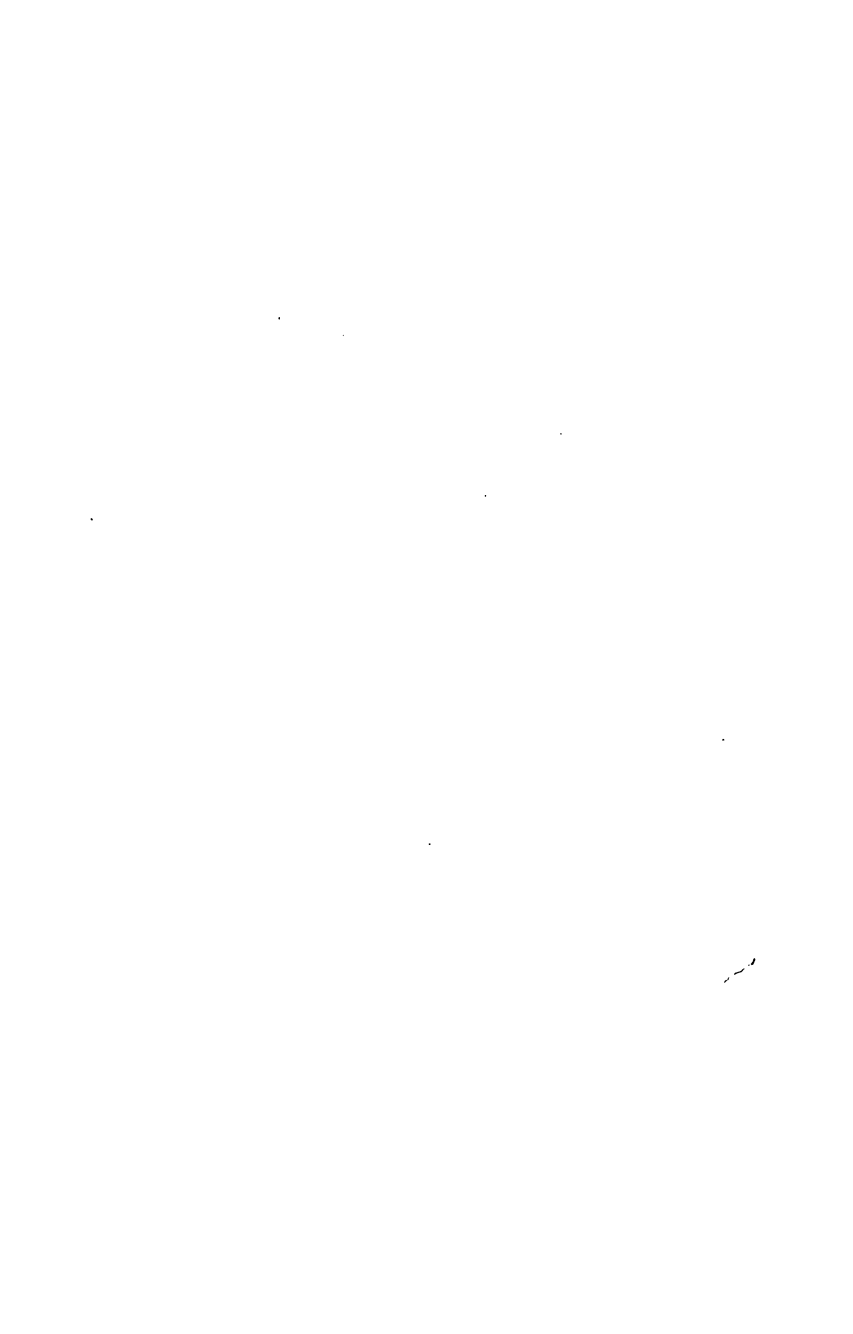
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Select Plays of Shakspeare

THE RUGBY EDITION

M A C B E T H

RIVINGTONS

[illegible]

M A C B E T H

EDITED BY THE REV.

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INTRODUCTION

THE accession of James I. in the year 1603 brought Scottish subjects much into vogue in England ; and in an especial manner the tale of *Macbeth and Banquo*, as the latter was held to be an ancestor of the new king. The whole story is told in doggerel rhymes by the author of a book called 'Albion's England,' published just before Queen Elizabeth's death ; and the 'Progresses of King James' tell us that in 1605 the members of the University of Oxford rehearsed it, by way of welcome to the king, in Latin Hexameters hardly better in quality.¹ It had indeed before this been told by Buchanan in his classical Latin prose : but the source from which Shakspeare mainly derived it was Holinshed's Chronicles. It is unnecessary to quote these, as the version of it there given agrees much more closely with Shakspeare's dramatization than with the more authentic history, as related by Sir Walter Scott.² This is as follows :

"DUNCAN, by his mother Beatrice a grandson of

¹ For these two references the editor is indebted to the unfailing knowledge of Matthew Bloxam, Esq. A specimen of the 'hexameters' is worth giving :

" Banquonem agnovit generosa Loquabria thanum ;
Nec tibi, Banquo, tuis sed sceptrā nepotibus illæ
Immortalibus immortalia vaticinatæ."

² The facts of the drama are, however, like those of 'King Lear,' taken from two separate events in Holinshed,—the murder of King Duffe by Donald, and that of Duncan by Macbeth.

Malcolm II., succeeded to the throne on his grandfather's death, in 1033 : he reigned only six years. MACBETH, his near relation, also a grandchild of Malcolm II., though by the mother's side, was stirred up by ambition to contest the throne with the possessor. The LADY OF MACBETH also, whose real name was Graoch, had deadly injuries to avenge on the reigning prince. She was the granddaughter of Kenneth IV., killed in 1003, fighting against Malcolm II. ; and other causes for revenge animated the mind of her who has been since painted as the sternest of women. The old annalists add some instigations of a supernatural kind to the influence of a vindictive woman over an ambitious husband. Three women, of more than human stature and beauty, appeared to MACBETH in a dream or vision, and hailed him successively by the titles of Thane of Cromarty, Thane of Moray, which the KING afterwards bestowed on him, and finally by that of King of Scots ; this dream, it is said, inspired him with the seductive hopes so well expressed in the drama.

"MACBETH broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on DUNCAN's life. He attacked and slew the king at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith's House, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times ; but, in very truth, the claim of MACBETH to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of DUNCAN. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a firm, just, and equitable prince.¹ Apprehensions of danger from a party which MALCOLM, the eldest son of the slaughtered DUNCAN, had set on foot in Northumberland, and still maintained in Scotland, seem, in process of time, to have soured the temper of MACBETH, and rendered him


¹ This view is confirmed by Mr. Freeman (*Norm. Conquest*, ii. p. 55)—
"All genuine Scottish tradition points to the reign of Macbeth as a period of unusual peace and prosperity in that disturbed land."

formidable to his nobility. Against MACDUFF, in particular, the powerful Maormor of Fife, he had uttered some threats which occasioned that chief to fly from the court of Scotland. Urged by this new counsellor, SIWARD, the Danish Earl of Northumberland, invaded Scotland in the year 1054, displaying his banner in behalf of the banished MALCOLM. MACBETH engaged the foe in the neighbourhood of his celebrated castle of Dunsinane. He was defeated, but escaped from the battle, and was slain at Lumphanan in 1056."

The first account of an actual representation of *Macbeth* is given in Dr. Forman's diary for the year 1610. Accordingly, we may assume that it was written at some period between 1605 and 1610. It appears to make hardly any reference to contemporary history. But there was one great crime, of less recent date, which seems to have been much on Shakspeare's mind at this time. This was the murder of Henry Darnley, titular king of Scotland, in the year 1567 (when Shakspeare was only three years old), which may probably, about the time of James' accession, have become better known to Englishmen in all its extraordinary and romantic details. We are therefore not surprised to see that the murder of kings, which makes up so large a part of the Stuart history, was a very prominent subject in Shakspeare's later tragedies. Gervinus has directed attention to this in the case of *Hamlet*; where the wife of the murdered king actually marries his assassin, just as Mary married Bothwell. So in *Macbeth* there seems to be more than one covert allusion to these events. For MACBETH, in Act iii. Sc. 4, complains that dead men should rise to push him from his stool; just as Mary and Bothwell were astonished to find that the dead Darnley had more power to overthrow them than he would have had when alive. And the idea of the 'naked new-born babe' crying for pity on the murdered DUNCAN in Act i. Sc. 7, strongly reminds us of the banner of the Confederates against

Mary, on which was inscribed the body of a murdered man, with a child kneeling by it and uttering the words, 'Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord !' (See the note on the passage.)

Shakspeare naturally takes notice of none of the palliations of MACBETH'S crime which we have quoted from Sir Walter Scott. But, with a high poetic instinct, he brings out what we may call the secondary causes for his action. One of the chief of these is the violent contrast between MACBETH, as a representative of the rude old Celtic times, and the kings of England and Scotland as types of Saxon or Saxonizing grace and refinement. The beginning of the 11th century was a time of saintly kings. Edward the Confessor in England has, according to the play, a divine spirit of prophecy, and can heal diseases by the touch of his hand. (Act iv. Sc. 3.) So DUNCAN has borne his faculties meekly, and is utterly clear in the discharge of his high duties : he is gracious and graceful ; he weeps for the very wantonness of joy ; his very horses are the 'minions of their kind.' To all these qualities those of MACBETH are opposed : the usurper is a warrior of the old rough-handed type, a 'bridegroom of Bellona,' a hater of English 'epicurism.' He also contrasts with the refined and cultivated king ('Duncan of the pure breath,' as he is called by a Gaelic bard) in that he is a true Highlander ; a man of most shaping and active imagination, particularly as regards gloomy images. A night-shriek or a tale of horror would set his hair on end ; he is just the man for second sight and ghost seeing. For such a temper there is no need to suppose a previous course of ambitious thought, nor even an overpowering outward temptation : the merest hint and suggestion from others is sufficient to inflame him. The idea of royalty once presented to his mind wraps it in an instant blaze of frightful imaginations : the end and the means are present with him at once ; what comes over his soul is not so much a plan for a murder, as a scaring image of what



must be done before his desire can be accomplished. Duncan is in his path and must be removed ; and for dethroned kings the grave is the only prison. Nor can he control or command his countenance : his face is like a book in which strange matters may be read. And thus he is a tool in the hands of his lady ; whose whole thoughts, from her childlessness, are bound up in him ; who considers him worthier of the crown than DUNCAN, and is prepared to dare all in order to achieve greatness for him. In her hands he is like wax to be moulded at her pleasure : she can misguide his cloudy and bewildered mind as completely as Iago does the nobler simplicity and straightforwardness of Othello. He consents to her solicitations so far as to promise 'to speak further' on the matter : she exaggerates the concession, and represents it as an oath of the most binding kind, which he is a coward if he breaks ; and his brain is too puzzled to refute her by the simple fact that he had *not* sworn. When even these persuasions fail, she strikes out a plan for concealing the murder, whose ingenuity fairly carries the dull yet imaginative man off his feet. She proposes to contrive that the blame shall fall upon the warders : and a trick, which would not draw the most obtuse inquirer off the scent, appears to MACBETH such a masterpiece of craft and inventiveness, that his scruples vanish in a kind of rapture, and he is ready for his bloody task.

From the instant when the access of religious terror which follows the deed is over, and the grooms are slain by MACBETH'S hand, the usurper begins on a new career, in which the positions of the wife and husband are inverted. He now becomes the more forward of the two to plan the crimes necessary for their joint security. At the moment when she gets so far as to hint that BANQUO'S life is 'not eterne,' he has already made all the preparations for his murder, of which he wishes her to be ignorant : about the MACDUFFS he does not speak to her at all. Thus she feels herself no longer necessary to him

for action : and so far is he from being knit or drawn to her by the past, that, when he does cast a thought backwards, it is with a longing that he could change places with DUNCAN. Thus forced into a separate life of her own, she settles down into the blackness of despair, while he is making rapid advance towards a 'security' which defies God and man. She is haunted by dreams of DUNCAN and of the family of MACDUFF ; while he regrets only that he was too late to cut off the father, as well as the wife and children. And thus the play draws towards its close ; she dying by her own hand, while he is cheered almost into frankness by the prospect of bold straightforward action, to which he has been so long a stranger, and by the chance of meeting his enemies face to face ; and he falls at last, not by the felon's death which he had deserved by a hundred crimes, but that of a soldier, which he would himself have chosen, if choice had been left him.

To *Macbeth*, as well as to the other great tragedies of Shakspeare, applies the remark so profoundly made by Goethe, that Shakspeare's tragic situations always spring from a conflict between the 'pretended freedom of our will and the necessary course of the *whole*.' MACBETH has received the assurance that he is fated to be king : he knows also that 'if chance will have him king, then chance may crown him.' Yet, like Jehu in the Book of Kings, he wilfully determines to forestall his destiny ; and, as after-events 'avenge the blood of Jezreel'¹ upon the Israelitish king, so MACBETH also brings into being a fatal chain of consequences, each grounded and rooted in the natural course of events, as following upon his violation of an eternal law, and each plunging him in deeper crime and more irredeemable detestation. Yet how absolutely needless such a conflict was, may be seen in the most conclusive way by the contrast of the simple-hearted and honourable BANQUO ; on whom, up

¹ See Hosea i. 4.

to almost the last day of his life, a prophecy of similar exaltation makes no impression ; who puts aside the whole suggestion as one coming from 'the instruments of darkness ;' who prays that his heart may be kept, even in sleep, from evil thoughts ; whose simple loyalty futilizes all solicitations to treason even before they are made ; and who, at last, is mercifully removed by the murderer's sword, just when otherwise he might have followed the example of *MACBETH*, and plunged into a vortex of conspiracy and crime.

Thus admirably is the main action aided by the secondary characters, as we have seen it to be by the secondary events. With regard to the language of the tragedy, the careful reader will notice the absence, at least from the passages of movement and passion, of almost all difficulties and obscurity. It may well be so ; for such searching scrutinies of nature make the whole world kin ; and interpreters are not needed. The simplicity and unity of its development make it a favourite, as Gervinus remarks, with nations of other than the Teutonic stock ; while we must acknowledge, as he says, 'its unique pre-eminence in the splendour of poetic and picturesque diction, and in the living representation of persons, times, and places.' 'It completely takes the local tone,' he continues, 'from the highlands of Scotland ; where everything appears tinged with superstition and with tangible intercommunion with the supernatural world ; and full of prognostics of the moral life through signs in the animate and inanimate kingdom ; where, in conformity with this, men are credulous in belief and excitable in fancy ; where they speak, like popular orators of the Gaelic race, with strong expressions, with highly poetical language, and with unusual imagery.'

It will follow from these remarks that a most vehement protest ought to be made against any attempt (and many such have been made on the stage) to alter the tone and character of the play. Schiller, in his German translation

of it, omits the murder of the MACDUFFS, and brings out the PORTER in Act ii. Sc. 3, to sing a somewhat childish morning hymn. The one alteration destroys the motive of MACDUFF'S deadly enmity, and the other sweeps away the atmosphere of barbarism which is so essential to the true feeling of the play. Even now there are sometimes traces on the stage of Davenant's comic arrangement of the witch passages ; and the action is, we believe, regularly interrupted by Matthew Locke's music (which some people admire) set to words from Middleton's 'Witch.' To what age or generation this corruption is to be originally attributed is one of the most vexed questions of criticism. The Cambridge editors are strongly in favour of the opinion that Shakspeare's vast tolerance allowed insertions into his own play even when first represented ; or even that he worked in concert with Middleton, sometimes rewriting or retouching his scenes, sometimes adopting them as they stood. Thus it is supposed that the Hecate scenes and some others originated. And the supposition is in harmony with the apparently slight estimation of his own labours, which made Shakspeare leave so many of his works to be gathered from the most haphazard and incorrect copies. But, however this may be, our own generation, which has restored the massive splendours of 'Israel in Egypt' to their original and unbroken sequence, ought surely to deal no less respectfully with the masterpieces of Shakspeare's genius, and to insist that their effect shall not be marred, either by buffoonery in the mode of acting, or by interpolations which interrupt and deform the grand proportions of the original.

RUGBY, *Sept.* 1872.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

MALCOLM, } sons to Duncan.

DONALBAIN, }

MACBETH, } generals of the King's army.

BANQUO, }

MACDUFF, }

LENOX, }

ROSSE, }

MENTETH, }

ANGUS, }

CATHNESS, }

noblemen of Scotland.

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.

Young SIWARD, son to the Earl of Northumberland.

SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier.

A Porter.

An old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman, attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers. The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE : *In the end of Act IV. in England; through the rest of the Play in Scotland.*

*** * For convenience of reference, the numbering of the lines is
that of the Globe edition.**

MACBETH

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open place. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter three WITCHES.

FIRST WITCH. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:

THIRD WITCH. That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH. Where the place?

SECOND WITCH. Upon the heath:

THIRD WITCH. There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH. I come, Graymalkin!

ALL. Paddock calls:—Anon.—

10

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [WITCHES vanish.]

1 *When shall we three meet again?* Our present orgies being ended, and all the mischief immediately possible being done, when shall we have fine witch-weather for our next meeting?

3 *The hurlyburly.* The weather will be fierce enough by the time the battle is over. The word is an 'onomatopœia,' to express 'uproar and tumultuous stir,' and is used in the Utopia, "Who be bolder stomaked to bring all in a hurlie-burle than they that have nothing to lose?" Cotgrave gives it as a rendering of the French 'grabuge' (compare Manzoni's Azzecca-grabuglia).

8, 9 *Graymalkin. Paddock.* The witches are supposed to be summoned by familiar spirits in the form of cats and toads. They answer 'anon,' as a waiter in a tavern does when called (1 Hen. IV. ii. 4). See also the explanation of this word and of Malkin (Marykin) in the Glossary to 'Coriolanus.'

11 *Fair is foul.* Fair weather is foul for us, foul weather fair.

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Forres. Alarum within.*

Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

DUN. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

MAL. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity :—Hail, brave friend !
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

SOLD. Doubtful it stood ;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel ; for, to that, 10
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied :
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore : But all's too weak :
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,

3 *The newest state* : The latest account.

ib. *The sergeant*. This word is derived from 'serviente,' the *v* being omitted and the *i* hardened into *g*, (as 'rabies' becomes 'rage' in French). Hence the word meant 'a common soldier' at the time of the Crusades : after that, officers of various degrees, both military and civil.

12 *Do swarm upon him* : His multiplied villainies fit him for that rebel's trade.

13 *Of kernes* : Supplied out of kernes and gallowglasses. Both these Celtic words seem to mean 'strong men ;' the former being apparently derived from 'ceathairn,' a sturdy fellow, the latter from 'gallos,' power. Kernes were more lightly and rudely armed than gallowglasses.

14 *On his damned quarrel*. An emendation of Johnson's for 'quarry,' which the folio edition reads ; but which seems inexplicable.

15 *But all's too weak*. As Shakespere does not elsewhere abbreviate 'was,' the meaning may be 'language is too weak to tell the tale.'

Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
Till he faced the slave ; 20
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUN. O, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

SOLD. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break :
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark :
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their heels, 30
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

DUN. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

SOLD. Yes !
As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks ;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha, ' 40
I cannot tell :
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

19 *Valour's minion.* The darling or favourite (mignon) of valour, like 'Bellona's bridegroom' below.

21 *Which ne'er shook hands.* And he then allowed him no truce nor escape.

22 *From the nave.* From the jaws to the navel.

25 *Reflection.* As storms spring from the vernal equinox, whence the sun begins his reflex course towards us after passing the equator.

31 *Surveying vantage.* Watching for a time of advantage.

34 *Our captains.* The word 'captain' was a trisyllable, from its connection with the Italian 'capitano.' Italian military terms spread over Europe in Shakspeare's time, as French terms did at a later period : so 'colonel' originally meant the captain of the leading company (coronella). See the note on 'alarum' (ii. 2, 52).

38 *So they doubly redoubled.* Such doubly redoubled strokes did they lay upon the foe. *Redoubled* is pronounced as a dissyllable.

41 *I cannot tell* what they intended to do. The imperfect line indicates the speaker's drooping or staggering.

DUN. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds,
They smack of honour both :—Go get him surgeons.
[*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

Enter ROSSE.

Who comes here ?

MAL. The worthy thane of Rosse.

LEN. What haste looks through his eyes ! So should he
look

That seems to speak things strange.

ROSSE. God save the king ! 50

DUN. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane ?

ROSSE. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict :
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit : And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us ;—

DUN. Great happiness !

ROSSE. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition ;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men, 60
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

44 *Smack.* 'Schmecken,' to taste.

50 *Fan our people cold.* If the reading is correct, this must be an historic present. Some editors propose to read, 'did flout the sky.' In the next line Pope suggests, 'with numbers terrible.'

53 *Began* should be read 'gan.'

55 *With self-comparisons.* In such a way that each might fully compare himself with his adversary.

57 *Lavish.* Overweening.

58 *That now.* So that now.

59 *The Norways' king.* For 'Norwegians' (as above, 'Norway' means the king of Norway). Milton uses a somewhat similar plural (*Paradise Lost*, iii. 395)—

"Where Chineses drive
With sail and wind their cany waggons light."

DUN. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest :—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSSE. I'll see it done.

DUN. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Heath. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

FIRST WITCH. Where hast thou been, sister ?

SECOND WITCH. Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH. Sister, where thou ?

FIRST WITCH. A sailor's wife had chesnuds in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd :—"Give
me," quoth I :

"Aroint thee, witch !" the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger :

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And like a rat without a tail,

61 *Saint Colmes' inch.* The island of S. Columba ; not, however, Iona, for this battle was not in the west of Scotland ; but an island off the coast of Fife. For the word 'inch,' compare the series, inis, inch, (*ἰνῆσος*, insula. Other words of different origin are eye (in Athelney), eyot, ait.

64 *Our bosom interest.* These words close the sentence contained in the preceding line, and follow on it without any pause. They therefore are so slightly accented that they allow the line to lengthen into an Alexandrine by way of compensation.

2 *Killing swine.* 'These can with their looks kill either man or beast,' says Reginald Scott (*Discoveries of Witchcraft*, 1584). The sudden death of pigs from throat disease would strengthen the idea as regards them.

6 *Rump-fed.* She fed on best joints, I hungry and begging for a chesnut. *Ronyon.* In *As You Like It* we have 'roynish' (rogneux), scurvy : this word is from the same root. *Aroint thee.* 'Deus te averruncet.'

7 *To Aleppo.* From this place there was a large caravan trade to Ispahan, Bussora, Damascus ; conveying carpets, cloth of gold, and the other articles mentioned in Froude, *Hist. E.* 8, 429.

8 *In a sieve.* "These can sail in an egge shell, a cockle or mussell shell, through and under the tempestuous seas."

9 *Without a tail.* The absence of a tail is said by Sir F. Madden to have been considered a proof that the animal is a transformed witch. See Messrs. Clark and Wright's note.

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

10

SECOND WITCH. I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH. Thou'rt kind.

THIRD WITCH. And I another.

FIRST WITCH. I myself have all the other ;

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay :

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid ;

20

He shall live a man forbid :

Weary sev'n-nights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.

Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH. Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH. Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wrack'd, as homeward he did come. [Drum within.

THIRD WITCH. A drum, a drum :

30

Macbeth doth come.

15 *The very ports they blow.* I shall be complete with your two winds : for I control all the others ; and know every harbour to which they blow, and every point of the compass marked on the chart. 'To blow a port,' like 'flet noctem' 'cantu querulæ rumpunt arbusta cicadæ.'

21 *A man forbid.* Like a man under interdict.

22 *Weary sev'n-nights.* For nine times nine weary weeks.

23 *Peak and pine.* Cp. Coleridge's Christabel, "Off wandering mother, peak and pine." 'To peak' is to grow sharper,—(till one's nose is ultimately like a pen. Hen. V. ii. 3.)

24 *Cannot be lost.* So in the tale of the 'Mynehead Ghost' (Scott's Demonology, page 394), we have a similar limitation of demoniac power. "There would arise a most dreadful storm that would break, wreck, and drown the ship and goods ; only the seamen would escape with their lives ; the devil had no power to take them away."

29 *As homeward he did come.* The deep longing of his last moments gave magic power to the parts of his body. So Hor. Ep. v. 36, where the youth is starved within sight of a feast—

"Exsucca uti medulla et aridum jecur
Amoris esset poculum."

ALL. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about ;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine :
Peace !—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

MACB. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BAN. How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire ; 40
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips :—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

MACB. Speak, if you can ;—What are you?

FIRST WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king
hereafter. 50

BAN. Good sir, why do you start ; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,

32 *Weird sisters.* Fatal sisters. This is Gawain Douglas' translation of Virgil's 'Parcæ.' The word is derived from the Saxon 'wyrd,' a fate.

35 *Thrice to thine.* Three times your way, and then thrice in the contrary direction. To go 'withershins,' that is, in the contrary direction to the sun, was an approved method of enchantment.

38 *Foul and fair.* Prosperous in events ; stormy in weather.

53 *Fantastical.* Are you creatures of imagination?

56 *Noble having.* Noble possession. "Your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue," says Rosalind in *As You Like It*.

That he seems rapt withal ; to me you speak not :
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say, which grain will grow, and which will not,
 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
 Your favours nor your hate. 60

FIRST WITCH. Hail !

SECOND WITCH. Hail !

THIRD WITCH. Hail !

FIRST WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SECOND WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
 none :

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo !

FIRST WITCH. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail !

MACB. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more :
 By Sinel's death, I know I amthane of Glamis ; 71
 But how of Cawdor ? thethane of Cawdor lives,
 A prosperous gentleman ; and, to be king,
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence ? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting ?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches *vanish*.]

BAN. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
 And these are of them : Whither are they vanish'd ? 80

MACB. Into the air : and what seem'd corporal, melted
 As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid !

60 *Who neither beg nor fear.* Shakspeare instinctively creates in Banquo a secondary person on whom the incitements of the prophecy are to fall dead, from his not indulging thoughts of ambition. In Holinshed, he is an accomplice of Macbeth ; which would have been an inconvenient course to attribute to an ancestor of James I.

71 *By Sinel's death.* So Holinshed, 'he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinel.'

76 *You owe.* You own : see Coriolanus, Glossary, *in voce*.

79 *The earth hath bubbles.* We may notice the matchless brevity of these four lines. They contain two images of the most appropriate character, and yet these are so simple and natural that the sentences are not burdened with them. Compare Moore's beautiful image—

"Like snow that falls upon the river,
 A moment seen—then lost for ever."

BAN. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

MACB. Your children shall be kings.

BAN. You shall be king.

MACB. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

BAN. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

ROSSE. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads 90
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

ANG. We are sent, 100
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee to his sight, not pay thee.

ROSSE. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:

84 *Eaten on.* Fed on. So we have in Coriol. iv. 5, 203, 'he is much made on,' for esteemed. *The insane root.* Prolepsis. "Henbane is called 'insana'; for if it be eat or drinke it breedeth madness, or slow lykeness of slepe."

92 *Do contend.* His wonder, which is his own, contends with his praise, which is yours.

93 *Silenced with that.* When he had done speaking of that.

98 *Post with post.* One messenger overtaking another. The passage as given is an emendation for "As thick as tale can post with post." *Herald:* nearly a monosyllable.

105 *Thane of Cawdor.* The word 'thegn,' German 'Degen,' seems to mean literally 'a sword,' as we say in English 'a blade.' So inheritances were said to pass either on the 'sword side' or the 'distaff-side.' The word is constantly used for a 'warrior' in the Nibelungen Lied. (Wagner, however, connects it with 'gedeihen,' and considers the meaning to be 'a child;' as, in English, 'the childe' means 'the knight').

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
For it is thine.

BAN. What, can the devil speak true?

MACB. The thane of Cawdor lives : Why do you dress
me

In borrow'd robes ?

ANG. Who was the thane, lives yet ;
But under heavy judgment bears that life 110
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway ; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage ; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not ;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

MACB. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them ?

BAN. That, trusted home, 120
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

106 *In which addition.* By which title of honour. So Hamlet, i. 4,—

“They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition.”

112 *Did line the rebel.* Did support the rebel. The lining of garments in Shakspeare's time was often solid enough to justify this image. Or that takes the time of a monosyllable.

120 *Trusted home.* Trusted to the full. So All's Well That Ends Well, v. 3, “To know her estimation home.”

122 *But 't is strange.* ‘We cannot of course trust such evidence. But the coincidence of the prophecy with the fulfilled part of it is strange ; and to be accounted for by the fact that the evil powers often begin by telling truth in order to lead us to destruction.’

127 *Cousins.* A name used from one nobleman to another, like ‘stolze Vetter’ in the old aristocratic communities in Germany.

MACB. Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
 This supernatural soliciting 130
 Cannot be ill ; cannot be good :—If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor :
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature ? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings :
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man, that function 140
 Is smother'd in surmise ; and nothing is
 But what is not.

BAN. Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACB. If chance will have me king, why, chance may
 crown me,
 Without my stir.

128 *To the swelling act.* Prologues to usher in the triumphant conquest of my hinted royalty.

131 *Cannot be ill.* Banquo's simple and grand words are either unheard, or wilfully put aside. 'How can they be instruments of darkness if what they say comes true : how workers of good, if my nature gives way and quails at the horrid image of murder which they create within me ?' See Dr. Bucknill's *Mad Folk of Shakspere*, p. 13, where the constitution of mind which this speech implies is characterized.

140 *Shakes so my single state.* So shakes the natural and direct work of thought upon objects before me, that the inward vision alone seems real.

141 *Nothing is but what is not.* So Wordsworth's monk with the pictures (v. 135)—

"Pondering the mischiefs of these reckless times
 And thinking of my brethren, dead, dispersed,
 Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze
 Upon this solemn company, unmoved
 By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years,
 Until I cannot but believe that they—
 They are in truth the Substance, we the Shadow."

143 *If chance.* Yet, if the end is fated, then fate will find its own means ; and I need not stir. Shakspere's pt.

BAN. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

MACB. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BAN. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACB. Give me your favour :—
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd 150
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.—
Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd ; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

BAN. Very gladly.

MACB. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENOX, and Attendants.

DUN. Is execution done on Cawdor ? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd ?

MAL. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die : who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons ;

fate and chance here is as pithily true as that of nature and art
in *Winter's Tale*, Act iv. Sc. 3—

“ Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean.”

See also the description of the effect of custom on nature in
Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 3, and the sportive remarks on chance in
As You Like It, Act i. Sc. 2.

147 *Time and the hour.* It may be wearisome to wait on
destiny ; but the lapse of time and the appointed hour will bring
round what is to come through all obstacles. *Runs* : in the
singular, because ‘time’ and ‘the hour’ are synonyms. Con-
versely, we have in ii. 1, 5—

“ There's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out,”

because the first line means—‘those in heaven are economical.’

Implor'd your highness' pardon ; and set forth
A deep repentance : nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it ; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed, 10
As 't were a careless trifle.

DUN. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin !

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me : Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd ;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say, 20
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACB. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

DUN. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

BAN. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

II *There's no art.* Duncan's childlike spirit makes a moment's pause of wonder at the act of treachery, and then flings itself, like Gloucester in *King Lear*, with still more absolute trust and still more want of reflection, into the toils of a far deeper and darker treason. The pause on the word 'trust,' shortening the line by two syllables, is in this point of view very suggestive.

19 *That the proportion.* That I might have met them with a higher proportion of thanks. The only thing left for me to say is, that your merits are more than I can ever repay.

27 *Safe toward your love*—in immediate reference to your love.

DUN. My plenteous joys,
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know,
 We will establish our estate upon
 Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter
 The prince of Cumberland : which honour must
 Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
 On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
 And bind us further to you.

40

MACB. The rest is labour,
 Which is not us'd for you ;
 I 'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
 The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
 So humbly take my leave.

DUN. My worthy Cawdor !

MACB. The prince of Cumberland !—That is a step
 On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [Aside.
 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires ! 50
 Let not light see my black and deep desires :
 The eye wink at the hand ! yet let that be,
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

34 *Wanton in fulness.* Get capricious from their fulness and make me weep. So K. John, iv. 1—

“ Yet I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night
 Only for wantonness.”

39 *The prince of Cumberland.* This county had belonged since A.D. 946 to the Scottish territory ; and for it they did homage to the English crown. The cairn under Helvellyn on Dunmail Raise is said to mark the spot where Edmund, king of England, overcame the native princes of Cumbria, with a view to ‘subinfeuding’ the territory to Malcolm of Scotland. (Palgrave, Anglo-Saxons, p. 187.)

48 *That is a step.* “ By the old lawes of the realme,” says Holinshed, “ the ordinance was that if he that should succede were not of age, . . . he that was next of blood should be admitted.” Whereas the making of Malcolm prince of Cumberland implied his immediate succession, whether of age or not.

52 *The eye wink at the hand.* Let the eye not see what the hand does.

DUN. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant ;
 And in his commendations I am fed ;
 It is a banquet to me. Let 's after him
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :
 It is a peerless kinsman. *[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*Inverness. A Room in MACBETH'S Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

LADY M. "They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor' ; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be !' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness ; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
 What thou art promis'd :—Yet do I fear thy nature ;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way : Thou wouldst be great :
 Art not without ambition : but without 20
 The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
 That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win : thou 'dst have, great Glamis,
 That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it,"
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,

54 *Full so valiant.* Quite as brave as you say.

20 *Without the illness.* Without the evil-doing which naturally accompanies ambition.

24 *That which cries.* You want to have what can only be obtained on conditions which it proclaims of itself ; you wish also to have what you rather fear to do than wish not to be done.

Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem 30
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

ATTEN. The king comes here to-night.

LADY M. Thou 'rt mad to say it :
Is not thy master with him? who, wer 't so.
Would have inform'd for preparation.

ATTEN. So please you, it is true ; our thane is coming :
One of my fellows had the speed of him :
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

LADY M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse
[Exit Attendant.]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 40
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here ;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse ;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

30 *Metaphysical.* Supernatural. The word is explained in Ford, Broken Heart, i. 1—

“ The metaphysics are but speculations
Of the celestial bodies, or such accidents
As, not mixed perfectly, in th' air engendered
Appear to us unnatural ; that's all.”

Doth seem : like *tooke*, with the future.

32 *Thou 'rt mad to say it.* The lady's self-control breaks down for a moment at hearing that Duncan is rushing into the toils ; and is only by a powerful effort regained in the next words.

36 *Had the speed of him.* Has just outstripped him.

39 *The raven himself is hoarse.* The raven messenger has lost his breath and voice, and is hoarse in giving his message (so Delius ingeniously and probably interprets).

40 *Entrance.* A trisyllable, like 'Eng(e)land, Hen(e)ry, hand(e)ling : ' so in the next line the pause after 'battlements' supplies the place of a syllable. Again in the line 'and take my milk for gall,' there is a synzesis of 'and-take,' and also of 'my-milk.'

47 *Keep peace.* Allow no truce between the purpose and its execution.

The effect, and it ! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances 50
 You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell !
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, " Hold, hold ! "—Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor !

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

MACB. My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY M. And when goes hence? 60

MACB. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

LADY M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see !
 Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
 May read strange matters ;—To beguile the time,
 Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent flower,

49 *Take my milk for gall.* As Macbeth himself has too much of the milk of human kindness.

51 *You wait on nature's mischief.* This idea is repeated in the splendid passage of Julius Cæsar, ii. 1—

" Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
 The genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council : and the state of a man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of a insurrection."

54 *The blanket of the dark.* Editors have tried their ingenuity on this homely and therefore Shaksperian phrase ; some reading 'blankness,' others 'blankest,' or even 'blank height.' Correction is unnecessary. See Cymb. iii. 1 : " If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket."

58 *This ignorant present.* The strong emphasis on 'ignorant' (marked by the shortening of the line) admirably suggests the struggle of an impatient spirit against the veil that hides the future.

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for : and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch ;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come 70
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACB. We will speak further.

LADY M. Only look up clear ;
To alter favour ever is to fear :
Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys. Servants of MACBETH attending.

*Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO,
LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS and Attendants.*

DUN. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

BAN. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

DUN. See, see ! our honour'd hostess ! 10

73 *To alter favour.* To bear an altered face marks fear in you and creates it in others.

1 *A pleasant seat.* Perfect peace seems to welcome the doomed king to his kinsman's house. No startling omens ; a light and cheerful air ; martins building as on a temple, and 'securely hatching their young.' The poetic instinct is the same as that which makes Homer, in Il. xxii. 126, introduce into Hector's bitter farewell to life the soft image of the 'youth and maiden conversing near some oak-tree or by some shadowy rock.'

6 *Frieze.* The line of wall below the parapet. By *coigne of vantage* is meant a projecting bartizan, or 'swallow's nest.'

8 *Pendent—procreant.* On the effect of unusual Latin words see the note on King Lear, i. 4, 307 ; and compare, in ii. 2, 64, of this play,—“the multitudinous seas incarnadine.”

The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house : For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

DUN. Where 's the thane of Cawdor ? 20
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us : Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

LADY M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

DUN. Give me your hand :
Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,

11 *The love that follows us.* Kind hearts, even if troubled by attention, give thanks for it. If therefore *we* are burthensome to you, you will, I know, thank us for the trouble we give you.

13 *God 'ild you.* God yield or reward you (as in *As You Like It*, v. 4).

15 *Twice done, and then done double.* The division into two processes intensifies the idea : as in Milton's—

“ From eve to morn, from morn to dewy eve,
From eve to morn he fell.”

16 *Poor and single business.* A poor and single-handed effort.

20 *Your hermits.* Your ‘bedesmen,’ those who ‘as in duty bound shall ever pray’ for you.

22 *His purveyor.* His harbinger—the difference being that the one provides lodging (héberger), the other food (pourvoyeur).

26 *In compt.* Hold everything that belongs to them only under account. This would have been the courtier style in Queen Elizabeth's time, as in the East at present. “Every time I mentioned their palace or domain,” says Sir C. Napier, “the little fellow interrupted me with the funniest seriousness to explain that these things were not his father's, but mine alone.”

And shall continue our graces towards him. 30
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.

MACB. If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly : If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all, here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor : This even-handed justice 10
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed : then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues

1 *If it were done.* If the act were really over when done, then the sooner we accomplish it the better.

3 *Could trammel up.* If the murder could be like a net, taking in all consequences at a single haul, and bringing up, as the haul ceases, a conclusive and final success : if only the blow could end all apprehensions here in this life, shallow as it is, we might risk the life to come. But it is not so ; besides the great future, there is a nearer future of temporal retribution, which we teach others to execute on ourselves.

4 *Surcease.* Supersedeas, surseois.

6 *Shoal* is Theobald's emendation for 'schoole of life.' A 'school of whales' seems merely a mispronunciation of 'shoal.'

10 *This even-handed justice.* So Hamlet iii. 2—

" 'Tis sport to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petard."

The meaning is 'such an even-handed justice is there which commends.'

Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off : 20
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side.—How now, what news?

Enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

MACB. Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY M. Know you not he has? 30

MACB. We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,

21 *A naked new-born babe.* Either like a mortal babe terrible in helplessness; or like heaven's child-angels, mighty in love and compassion. This magnificent passage seems founded on the history of Darnley's murder (Froude, ix. p. 86), "The banner (of the confederates against Queen Mary) was spread between two spears. The figure of a dead man was wrought on it, lying under a tree . . . and a child on his knees at its side, stretching its hand to heaven and crying, 'Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord!'"

25 *Shall drown the wind.* So that tears like rain shall lull the wind which bears the tidings of the deed, fierce and violent though it be.

33 *Golden opinions.* My deeds have gained me universal praise and good-will.

35 *Was the hope drunk.* A somewhat violent mixture of metaphors; but the sense is clear. 'Were you drunk when you formed your bold plan, and are you now just awake from the debauch, to be crestfallen, shrinking, mean-spirited?'

Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
 To be the same in thine own act and valour, 40
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou leave that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem;
 Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

MACB. Prithee, peace:
 I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more, is none.

LADY M. What beast was't then,
 That made you break this enterprise to me?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;
 And, to be more than what you were, you would 50
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
 Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
 How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn,
 As you have done to this.

MACB. If we should fail,——

LADY M. We fail.
 But screw your courage to the sticking place, 60
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey

41 *Would'st thou leave that.* The reading 'leave' for 'have' seems preferable: "Would you forsake that courage which you have always viewed as the ornament of life, and be like the cat who longed for fish but would not wet her feet?" If 'have' is read, the meaning must be, "Do you desire the crown, yet resolve to live a coward because your daring will not second your desire?"

50 *To be more.* If you were more than what you were.

52 *Adhere.* Cf. M. W. Windsor, ii. 1, 62.

58 *Had I so sworn.* He had not sworn; in fact had only agreed to 'speak further.' See the Introduction.

60 *To the sticking place.* So Adam Smith, by an excellent use of popular language, speaks of the desire for an object 'getting the holding-turn.' The metaphor in either case is probably from the tuning of a stringed instrument.

Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
 That memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbeck only: When in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
 His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell? 70

MACB. Bring forth men-children only,
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
 That they have done't?

LADY M. Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
 Upon his death?

MACB. I am settled, and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 80
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

64 *Wassel.* From the old Saxon 'waes hael:' *literally* therefore 'health drinking.' *Convince:* to overcome.

67 *A limbeck.* The receptacle of the understanding shall be like the tubes of an alembic (*ἀμβίξ*, with the Arabic article 'al') through which vapours distil. Messrs. Clark and Wright, in an interesting note on this passage, have shewn that by the old anatomists the brain was considered to be divided into three parts or ventricles, in the hindermost of which the memory was seated. Accordingly the poet's idea is that memory first gets clouded to intoxication; then reason becomes an alembic or still through which only unreal fancies can pass.

72 *Our great quell.* Our great murder.

74 *Nothing but males.* You could not bear weak girls. He forgets that her daughters might be to their husbands as his wife to himself.

80 *Each corporal agent.* All my bodily powers.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Court within the Castle.**Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant with a torch before them.*

BAN. How goes the night, boy?

FLE. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

BAN. And she goes down at twelve.

FLE. I take 't, 't is later, sir.

BAN. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

10

MACB. A friend.

BAN. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices:

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up

In measureless content.

MACB.

Being unprepar'd,

Our will became the servant to defect;

4 *Husbandry.* Economy.

5 *That too.* Probably his target. We may suspect that a slight indication of want of caution is intended by this parting with the weapons; in much the same way as, in *Jul. Cæsar*, *Casca*, the man of action and heed, is marked by the familiar readiness with which his hand uses his sword to point to the quarter whence the day will break, &c.

8 *The cursed thoughts.* Macbeth becomes a willing prey to 'cursed thoughts' in the day-time. Banquo prays to be kept from them even in the night. So his simple, manly nature instinctively hits, in Act i. Sc. 3, the true character of the witches' promises; and in the present scene keeps unconsciously at a distance all attempts to shake his loyalty.

13 *To your offices.* To your servants' hall.

Which else should free have wrought.

BAN. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: 20
To you they have show'd some truth.

MACB. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

BAN. At your kind'st leisure.

MACB. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.

BAN. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

MACB. Good repose, the while!

BAN. Thanks, sir; the like to you! 30
[Exit BANQUO and FLEANCE.]

MACB. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [Exit Servant.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

25 *To my consent when 't is.* To my party whenever it is established. Observe the suspicious tone of the words, 'it shall make honour for you.' Kings alone are fountains of honour.

33 *A dagger.* A delusion appearing after the manner of the Highland second sight; more substantial than the 'image of murder' which shakes his soul in Act i. Sc. 4; but not accepted and believed by him like the apparition of Banquo afterwards. See Bucknill's *Mad Folk*, p. 18.

44 *The fools o' the other senses.* Either my eyes are deceived in a degree of which the other senses are incapable, or else they see truths of which the others can give no account.

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse 50
 The curtain'd sleep: witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design,
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat he lives: 60
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

48 *Which informs.* Which thus creates forms before my eyes.

51 *The curtain'd sleep.* A pause standing for the missing syllable; as often when the last word is expressive of rest.

53 *Alarum'd.* Called to arms (from the Italian 'all'arme.')

54 *Whose howl's his watch.* Probably 'who howls his watch.' See K. Lear, ii. 4, 214, note. *His watch.* His password and countersign (if the reading is as above).

55 *Tarquin's ravishing sides.* It seems possible that this may be a form of the Saxon 'sith,' a step; and that therefore no emendation may be required. So the old form 'nave' (Saxon, 'nafu') is used above for 'navel.' The word 'sith' is the same as the German 'Schritt'; compare the similar omission of *r* in sprechen, 'to speak'; brüsten, 'to boast'; pfirsiche (persica), 'a peach,' ἀκροῦω, ἀκροῦω.

59 *Take the present horror.* For fear the stones should answer to my step, and so break the utter stillness which alone suits the deed.

61 *Too cold breath gives.* The plural subject takes a singular verb, as often in Shakspeare, by attraction to the intervening singular object 'breath.' Perhaps therefore the true reading in Cymbeline, Act ii. Sc. 3. may be—

"His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flower that lies."

Conversely we have in Henry V. Act v. Sc. 2—

"The venom of such looks we fairly hope
 Have lost their quality."

Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY M. That which hath made them drunk hath made
me bold :
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire :—
Hark ! Peace ! It was the owl that shriek'd,
The fatal bellman which gives the stern'st good night,
He is about it : the doors are open ;
And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge with snores :
I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

MACB. [*Within.*] Who's there ?—what, ho !

LADY M. Alack ! I am afraid they have awak'd, 10
And 't is not done :—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us :—Hark !—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done 't—My husband !

Enter MACBETH.

MACB. I have done the deed :—Didst thou not hear a
noise ?

LADY M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak ?

MACB. When ?

LADY M. Now.

MACB. As I descended ?

LADY M. Ay.

1 *That which hath made them drunk.* 'I am emboldened by the guards' intoxication : 'not surely, as the Cambridge editors suppose, 'I have given myself courage with wine.' She had taunted Macbeth with a 'drunken hope ;' and such a mode of raising her own spirit seems thoroughly alien from her character.

3 *The fatal bellman.* The Cambridge editors have excellently explained this by a quotation from Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, iv. 2, where Bossola tells the Duchess—

"I am the common bellman

That usually is sent to condemned persons

The night before they suffer."

11 *And not the deed.* If we do not effect the deed.

MACB. Hark !—

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

LADY M. Donalbain. 20

MACB. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

LADY M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACB. There's one did laugh in his sleep,
And one cried, "murder!" that they did wake each other ;
I stood and heard them : but they did say their prayers,
And address'd them again to sleep.

LADY M. There are two lodg'd together.

MACB. One cried, "God bless us !" and "Amen," the
other,

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands

Listening their fear : I could not say, amen,

When they did say, God bless us.

LADY M. Consider it not so deeply. 30

MACB. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen ?

I had most need of blessing, and amen

Stuck in my throat.

LADY M. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

MACB. Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more !
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep ;

22 *A foolish thought.* How can it be a sorry sight when it crowns us? The quasi rhyme in the two halves of the line is strongly derisive.

26 *Two lodged together.* Then they are rightly placed for our purpose of accusing them.

31 *Wherefore could I not pronounce, amen?* Lady Macbeth had said of her husband—

"What thou wouldst highly

That wouldst thou holily !"

Here the same bewildered notion is stript bare to view, with all disguise torn from it by desperation.

33 *Stuck in my throat.* The life to come cannot be 'jumped,' as he thought before the crime was done ; for the lurid light of murder flashes the present and the future existence into one.

34 *So, it will make us mad.* Were we so to consider them.

36 *Macbeth does murder sleep.* Sleepers are childlike, harmless, innocent ; placed by their condition under the safeguard of the waking. Whoever breaks this natural and eternal pact has for ever forfeited the support and refreshment which sleep gives the innocent. Schiller has imitated this in Wallenstein—

"Er schläft ! O mordet nicht den heil'gen Schlaf."

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast."

LADY M. What do you mean? 40

MACB. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
 "Glamis hath murder'd sleep: and therefore Cawdor
 Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

LADY M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy
 thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
 So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
 Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
 They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
 The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACB. I'll go no more: 50
 I am afraid to think what I have done;
 Look on 't again I dare not.

LADY M. Infirm of purpose!
 Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
 Are but as pictures; 't is the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
 For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

MACB. Whence is that knocking?
 How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
 What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 60
 Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather

37 *The ravelled sleeve.* Which disentangles the ravelled skein of care. The passage is taken from Sidney (*Astrophel*):—

"Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The bathing place of wits, the balm of woe."

See *As You Like It*, Act ii. Sc. i. (note) for a similar imitation of Sidney.

42 *Glamis hath murdered sleep.* He who was Glamis, he who is now Cawdor, he who shall be Macbeth the king.

55 *Fears a painted devil.* Is affected by such terror as a few blots of colour can add to a sketch which otherwise would be tame enough.

57 *That knocking?* Macduff and Lenox are knocking at the south gate, as the next scene shows.

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY M. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry :—retire we to our chamber :
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy is it then ! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark ! more
knocking :

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us, 70
And show us to be watchers :—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACB. To know my deed, 't were best not know
myself. [*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking ; I would thou couldst !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

PORTER. Here's a knocking, indeed ! If a man were
porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.
[*Knocking.*] Anon, anon ; I pray you, remember the porter.
[*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

MACD. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late ?

PORT. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

62 *The multitudinous seas.* The sea with its numberless
waves. *One red*—red throughout.

69 *Left you unattended.* Ceased to attend you.

73 *To know my deed.* If I must for ever know my own deed
(as in the note to line 97 of the next scene).

2 *Old turning the key.* A fine quantity of key turning, as in
Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 4 : "Here will be old abusing of the
king's English." So 'auld farrant' or 'old fashioned' means
'cunning' in Scotch of the present day ; and 'das alte Reiben'
is 'that unpleasant rubbing' in German nursery language.

23 *Remember the porter.* Give me something, as you have
woke me up.

46 *Carousing.* From the German 'garaus,' (to drink) 'right
out.' Cf. the derivation of 'wassail' above.

MACD. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him ; here he comes.

47

Enter MACBETH.

LEN. Good morrow, noble sir !

MACB. Good morrow, both !

MACD. Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

MACB. Not yet. 50

MACD. He did command me to call timely on him ;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

MACB. I 'll bring you to him.

MACD. I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;
But yet 't is one.

MACB. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

MACD. I 'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

LEN. Goes the king hence to-day ?

MACB. He does :—he did appoint so.

LEN. The night has been unruly : Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down ; and, as they say, 60
Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of death :
And prophesying with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time ;
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night :
Some say the earth was feverous, and did shake.

MACB. 'T was a rough night.

LEN. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

MACD. O horror ! horror ! horror !

Tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee !

MACB., LEN. What's the matter ? 70

MACD. Confusion now hath made his master-piece !
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

56 *Limited service.* Appointed task.

64 *New-hatched.* The newest birth of a baleful time.

73 *Stole thence.* So 'broke,' 'spoke,' 'took,' are used as participles.

74 *The life of the building.* The Shekhinah ; the Divine Presence in it.

MACB. What is 't you say? the life?

LEN. Mean you his majesty?

MACD. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon :—Do not bid me speak ;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake ! awake !—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarum-bell :—Murther ! and treason !
Banquo, and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake ! 80.
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself :—up, up, and see
The great doom's image—Malcolm ! Banquo !
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror ! Ring the bell. [*Bell rings.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak !

MACD. O, gentle lady,
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak :
The repetition, in a woman's ear, 90
Would murder as it fell.—

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo ! Banquo ! our royal master's murder'd !

LADY M. Woe, alas ! what, in our house?

BAN. Too cruel, anywhere.
Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

MACB. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time ; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality ;
All is but toys : renown, and grace, is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees 100
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

DON. What is amiss?

MACB. You are, and do not know 't,
The spring, the head : the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd ; the very source of it is stopp'd.

MACD. Your royal father 's murder'd.

MAL. O, by whom?

LEN. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't :
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows : they star'd, and were distracted ; 110
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

MACB. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

MACD. Wherefore did you so?

MACB. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man :
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood ;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers, 120
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore : Who could refrain
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known?

LADY M. Help me hence, ho!

MACD. Look to the lady.

MAL. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

DON. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away ; our tears
Are not yet brew'd. 130

110 *No man's life.* It was unsafe to come near them. The emphasis on 'no' gives it the time of a dissyllable.

118 *Silver skin . . . golden blood.* τὸ ψυχρὸν γίγνεται ἐν τοῖς διπλοῖς ὀνόμασι, says Aristotle. These epithets may therefore be intended to have an artificial tone: yet they serve to lighten and glorify an image of too great horror; and besides this they suit the conception of the saintly king, whose very bodily frame is refined and precious.

124 *Help me hence.* Either her highly-strung nerves give way at feeling that Macbeth has gone beyond her in crime, or she pretends fainting to cause a diversion from the inquiry.

126 *This argument.* To whom it most belongs to take up the case.

127 *Where our fate.* 'Where' is a dissyllable.

MAL. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

BAN. Look to the lady :—

[LADY MACBETH *is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us,
In the great hand of God I stand ; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

MACD. And so do I.

ALL. So all.

MACB. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together. 139

ALL. Well contented. [*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*

MAL. What will you do? Let's not consort with them :
To shew an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy : I'll to England.

DON. To Ireland, I ; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer : where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles : the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

MAL. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, 150
But shift away : There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

131 *Upon the foot of motion.* Our strong sorrow is not able
as yet to get on its feet and move.

132 *Our naked frailties.* When we have clothed our frail
bodies which suffer from the keen night air.

135 *Fears and scruples shake us.* Understand 'if,' as in
Cymb. Act iii. Sc. 1—

“Of him I gathered honour,
Which he to seek of me again, perforce
Behoves me keep at utterance.”

146 *The near in blood.* The adjective is in the comparative
degree ; as in Richard II. Act v. Sc. 1, “Better far off than near
be ne'er the near,” that is, ‘it is better to be far off than near and
yet never the nearer.’

147 *Hath not yet lighted.* Has not yet spent its force.

SCENE IV.—*Without the Castle.**Enter ROSSE and an Old Man.*

OLD M. Threescore and ten I can remember well :
 Within the volume of which time, I have seen
 Hours dreadful, and things strange ; but this sore night
 Hath trifled former knowings.

ROSSE. Ah, good father,
 Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
 Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock, 't is day,
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :
 Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
 That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
 When living light should kiss it ?

OLD M. 'T is unnatural, 10
 Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,
 A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

ROSSE. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and
 certain),
 Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,

1 *Threescore and ten.* I can remember well seventy years
 backward.

6 *Threaten his bloody stage.* Frown upon the earth where
 such horrors are enacted.

7 *Strangles the travelling lamp.* So Virg. Georg. i. 466 (see
 Conington's note)—

" Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam :
 Cum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine textit,
 Impiaque æternam timuerunt sæcula noctem."

Holinshed goes so far as to say : " For six months after this
 heinous murder thus committed, there appeared no sunne by day
 nor moone by night in anie part of the realm ; but stille was the
 skie covered with continuall clouds ; and sometimes such out-
 ragious winds arose, with lightening and tempests, that the people
 were in great feare of present destruction."

8 *The day's shame.* Is it that night is aggressive, or that the
 day is ashamed to appear ?

12 *In her pride of place.* In her most daring flight.

14 *Duncan's horses.* Pronounced 'horse.' See the note on
 'princess' in *As You Like It*, i. 2.

15 *The minions of their race.* 'Horses,' says the chronicle,
 'of singular swiftmess and beauty did eat their own flesh.'

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

OLD M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

ROSSE. They did so ; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff :—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now ? 21

MACD. Why, see you not ?

ROSSE. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed ?

MACD. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSSE. Alas, the day !

What good could they pretend ?

MACD. They were suborn'd :

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled ; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

ROSSE. 'Gainst nature still :

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means !—Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

MACD. He is already nam'd ; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

ROSSE. Where is Duncan's body ?

MACD. Carried to Colmes-kill ;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

ROSSE. Will you to Scone ?

MACD. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

ROSSE. Well, I will thither.

MACD. Well, may you see things well done there :—
adieu !

24 *Could they pretena.* Could they propose ?

33 *Colmes-kill* : 'The church of Columba,' that is, Iona, where the tombs of the Scottish kings are still shewn. Scone, the place of coronation, is near Perth. From thence Edward I. brought the stone which forms the base of the present coronation chair of our own sovereigns ; and to which these lines apply—

"Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocumque locatum

Inveniat lapidem regnare tenentur ibidem."

The Earls of Fife, the descendants of Macduff, had traditionally the duty of placing the crown on the king's head.

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

ROSSE. Farewell, father.

OLD M. God's benison go with you, and with those 40
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !

[*Exeunt*,

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

BAN. Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd ; and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for 't : yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity ;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine),
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ? But, hush ; no more. 10

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King ; LADY MACBETH, as Queen ; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

MACB. Here's our chief guest.

LADY M. If he had been forgotten
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

MACB. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

41 *Good of bad*—the simple creed of the poor, who cannot well make out why their superiors kill each other.

10 *Hush, no more.* From this it appears that the danger from Banquo to Macbeth is natural and real : for the witches' prophecy now begins really to work on his mind. But death stops him from plunging, after Macbeth's example, into the vortex of conspiracy and crime, and losing his 'royalty of nature' in the attempt to grasp a crown.

— *Senet.* From the Italian 'segnare' (signare), to note : hence music played from note.

13 *All-thing.* Every way (allardings) would have been unbecoming.

BAN. Let your highness
Command upon me ; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

MACB. Ride you this afternoon ?

BAN. Ay, my good lord. 20

MACB. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council ; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride ?

BAN. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

MACB. Fail not our feast.

BAN. My lord, I will not.

MACB. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd 30
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : But of that to-morrow ;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

BAN. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon us.

MACB. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot ;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell. [Exit BANQUO. 40

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night ; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

22 *Grave and prosperous.* And this, as we see in line 52, has of itself made him feared by Macbeth. Tyrants cannot endure the virtue of an Ormond, a Temple, even of a Clarendon ; they are safe only with the Buckinghams, the Lauderdale, the Sunderlands of their day. That even a bad king should be forced to have good counsellors, and to act by their counsel, may be said to be an invention of the much maligned nineteenth century.

34 *Cause of state.* We shall have other state matters to discuss along with it.

43 *The sweeter welcome.* So *Paradise Lost*, ix. 230—

“To short absence I could yield,
For solitude sometimes is best society
And short retirement urges quick return.”

Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt* LADY MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.
Sirrah, a word with you : Attend those men our pleasure ?

ATTEND. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACB. Bring them before us.—[*Exit* Atten.] To be thus,
is nothing ;

But to be safely thus :—Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature 50

Reigns that which would be fear'd : 't is much he dares ;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none but he

Whose being I do fear : and under him

My genius is rebuk'd ; as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,

And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings : 60

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,

48 *But to be safely thus* (is everything).

57 *Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.* Compendiary comparison
for 'by that of Cæsar.' So we have in *As You Like It*—

"Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remembered not."

For the idea, see *Ant. and Cleop.* Act ii. Sc. 3—

"Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where Cæsar's is not ; but, near him, thy angel

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpowered."

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (July 1869) points out that by the words 'genius,' 'demon,' 'spirit,' in this passage and the one in *Ant. and Cleopatra* is meant, not a presiding spirit, but the higher nature of man, the rational guiding soul or spirit ; which in *Macbeth* is one of guilty ambition ; and that by the mortal instruments are signified the vital and animal spirits which are the medium of sensation and motion, and the physical organs of memory, imagination, and discourse. Thus the words 'Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel,' means that he Cæsar's very soul : and, conversely, the ghost of the dead C is the evil spirit of Brutus.

For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind ;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murther'd :
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
 Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings ! 70
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance !—Who's there ?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
 [Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

FIRST MUR. It was, so please your highness.

MACB. Well then, now
 Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know,
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune ; which, you thought, had been
 Our innocent self : this I made good to you
 In our last conference ; pass'd in probation with you, 80
 How you were borne in hand ; how cross'd ; the instru-
 ments ;
 Who wrought with them ; and all things else, that might,
 To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
 Say, Thus did Banquo.

FIRST MUR. You made it known to us.

MACB. I did so ; and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
 That you can let this go ? Are you so gossell'd,
 To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave, 90
 And beggar'd yours for ever ?

65 *Filed my mind.* Defiled it. So the words 'friend, 'longs, 'cide, 'sdain, stand for befriend, belongs, decide, disdain ; the last as in the Italian words *sdegnare, sprezzare*, &c.

67 *In the vessel of my peace.* In my soul where peace ought to dwell.

72 *To the utterance.* To a combat à l'outrance. See the passage in *Cymbeline*, quoted at page 48.

81 *Borne in hand.* Like 'palpare' in Latin, 'cheated,' 'made tools of.'

83 *To a notion crazed.* Even to the most feeble apprehension.

FIRST MUR.

We are men, my liege.

MACB. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men ;
 As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
 Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
 All by the name of dogs : the valued file
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him clos'd ; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill 100
 That writes them all alike : and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it ;
 And I will put that business in your bosoms
 Whose execution takes your enemy off ;
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

SECOND MUR.

I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what 110
 I do, to spite the world.

FIRST MUR.

And I another,

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on 't.

MACB.

Both of you

Know, Banquo was your enemy.

SECOND MUR.

True, my lord.

MACB. So is he mine ; and in such bloody distance,
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life : And though I could

94 *Shoughs*. Shocks, poodles.

ib. *Cleped*. Nam'd ; from the Anglo-Saxon 'clypian ;'
 probably also the same as the Greek κλέω or κέλω (with the
 digamma).

95 *The valued file*. The tariff of their names and values.

100 *From the bill*. Apart from, by way of distinction from
 the generic character which is the same in all. So Coriolanus,
 iii. 1, 90 : "'Twas from the canon."

104 *In your bosoms*. I will entrust to you such an enterprise.112 *Tugged with fortune*. So buffeted by torture.116 *In such bloody distance*. In such deadly opposition.

With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
 And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
 Whom I myself struck down : and thence it is
 That I to your assistance do make love ;
 Masking the business from the common eye,
 For sundry weighty reasons.

SECOND MUR. We shall, my lord,
 Perform what you command us.

FIRST MUR. Though our lives——

MACB. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
 hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time. 130
 The moment on 't ; for 't must be done to-night,
 And something from the palace ; always thought
 That I require a clearness : And with him,
 (To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart ;
 I 'll come to you anon.

SECOND MUR. We are resolv'd, my lord.

MACB. I 'll call upon you straight ; abide within 140
 [Exeunt Murderers.]

It is concluded :—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

LADY M. Is Banquo gone from court ?

SERV. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

LADY M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
 For a few words.

121 *For certain friends.* Because of certain friends.

130 *Spy of the time.* Intelligence as to when he passes.

132 *Something from the palace.* At a little distance from the palace.

ib. *Always thought.* Nominative absolute. 'It being always kept in mind that I must remain clear of suspicion.'

SERV. Madam, I will [Exit.

LADY M. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died 10
With them they think on? Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard : what's done is done.

MACB. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly : Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, 20
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further !

LADY M. Come on ;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

5 *Without content.* Without producing any satisfaction.

6 *'Tis safer.* It would be better to change places with those
whom we destroy.

7 *Than by destruction.* Than to do one act of destruction
without making our position safe.

13 *Scotched the snake.* The folio reads 'scorched : ' the
emendation is from Coriolanus, Act iv. Sc. 5 : "He scotched
and notched him like a carbonado."

16 *Both the worlds suffer.* Let heaven and earth go to
wrack. The meaning of this passage is shown by Hamlet, Act
iv. Sc. 5—

"To this point I stand,

That both the worlds I give to negligence,

Let come what comes : only I'll be revenged !"

21 *On the torture of the mind.* To lie upon the rack of our
own thoughts, in a frenzy of restlessness.

MACB. So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you :
 Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ; 30
 Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :
 Unsafe the while, that we
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams ;
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
 Disguising what they are.

LADY M. You must leave this.

MACB. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
 Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

LADY M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

MACB. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
 Then be thou jocund : Ere the bat hath flown 40
 His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
 The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
 Hath rung night's yawning peal,
 There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

LADY M. What's to be done ?

MACB. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
 Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
 And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
 Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond

30 *Remembrance.* Four syllables. 'Take care to do all honour to Banquo by looks and words of the deepest respect ; though our royalty will never be safe, so long as it is necessary to keep our honours bright by steeping them in flattery.' 'Unsafe the while' is a nominative absolute, 'it being unsafe.'

38 *Nature's copy not eterne.* The lady and her husband have changed places ; he is now much farther advanced than she is in plans for crime. '*Nature's copy*' seem to mean the 'stamp of life,' as in *Othello*, v. 2, 11.

"Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature."

41 *His cloistered flight.* His flight from one point of the monastery to another.

43 *Night's yawning peal.* The sound which brings on night's weariness.

46 *Seeling.* Sealing, blinding. 'To seel' is to close a hawk's eyes.

49 *That great bond* may mean either Banquo's life, as in Rich. III. Act iv. Sc. 4 :

"Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,"
or it may mean the bond of destiny announced by the weird sisters.

Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens and the crow 50
 Makes wing to the rooky wood;
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
 Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
 Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
 So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

FIRST MUR. But who did bid thee join with us!

THIRD MUR. Macbeth.

SECOND MUR. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices and what we have to do,
 To the direction just.

FIRST MUR. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
 Now spurs the 'lated traveller apace,
 To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

THIRD MUR. Hark! I hear horses.

BAN. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

SECOND MUR. Then 't is he; the rest
 That are within the note of expectation, 10
 Already are i' the court.

FIRST MUR. His horses go about.

THIRD MUR. Almost a mile; but he does usually,
 So all men do, from hence to the the palace gate
 Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a torch preceding them.

SECOND MUR. A light, a light!

THIRD MUR. 'T is he.

56 *Go with me.* 'Understand what my meaning is;' as 'take me with you' means 'give me a clue to your meaning.'

2 *Needs not our mistrust.* We may trust him, for Macbeth has evidently told him all we have to do. Macbeth's uneasiness makes him reinforce the party with a cleverer hand: but in vain.

6 *'lated—belated.* See page 54, note 65.

FIRST MUR. Stand to't.

BAN. It will be rain to-night.

FIRST MUR. Let it come down.

[Assaults BANQUO.]

BAN. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave!

[Dies. FLEANCE and Servant escape.]

THIRD MUR. Who did strike out the light?

FIRST MUR. Was't not the way?

THIRD MUR. There's but one down; the son is fled.

SECOND MUR. We have lost best half of our affair. 20

FIRST MUR. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

A Banquet prepared.

Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX,
Lords, and Attendants.

MACB. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last, the hearty welcome.

LORDS. Thanks to your majesty.

MACB. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

LADY M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

MACB. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:
Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst: 10
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

MUR. 'Tis Banquo's then.

MACB. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?

MUR. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

MACB. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

5 *Keeps her state.* Is still on the dais.

MUR. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

MACB. Then comes my fit again : I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock :
As broad and general as the casing air :
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe ?

MUR. Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides.
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;
The least a death to nature.

MACB. Thanks for that :
There the grown serpent lies : the worm, that 's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone ; to-morrow 30
We 'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

LADY M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer ; the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making,
'T is given with welcome : To feed, were best at home ;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

MACB. Sweet remembrancer !—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both !

LEN. May it please your highness, sit ?
Enter the Ghost of BANQUO and sits in MACBETH'S place.

MACB. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present ; 41
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance !

ROSSE. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness

23 *Casing air.* So in Othello, Act iii. Sc. 3—

"Ye elements that clip us all about."

25 *Saucy doubts.* Importunate doubts.

33 *Give the cheer.* You do not give the proper encouragement to your guests. It is like selling a feast, not giving it, if you do not often bid your guests welcome.

36 *From thence.* When one is away from home.

38 *Good digestion.* A 'somewhat physiological grace,' as Dr. Bucknill calls it.

40 *Had we now . . . roof'd.* We should now have all the noblest of our country under one roof.

To grace us with your royal company?

MACB. The table's full.

LEN. Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACB. Where?

LEN. Here, my good lord. What is't that
moves your highness?

MACB. Which of you have done this?

LORDS. What, my good lord?

MACB. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake 50
Thy gory locks at me.

ROSSE. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

LADY M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

MACB. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

LADY M. O proper stuff! 60

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

MACB. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say
you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.— 70
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

63 *These flaws.* These gusts and starts which are the parodies of true fear, as far as the reality of their object is concerned.

66 *Authorized.* The second syllable is long. The meaning is 'a story the veracity of which is vouched for by her grandmother.'

ib. *Shame itself.* She speaks to him as to an infant.

69 *How say you?* Addressed to the ghost; the preceding words to the queen.

LADY M. What ! quite unmann'd in folly ?

MACB. If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY M. Fie, for shame !

MACB. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ;
 Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
 Too terrible for the ear : the times have been,
 That when the brains were out the man would die,
 And there an end : but now, they rise again, 80
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools : This is more strange
 Than such a murder is.

LADY M. My worthy lord,
 Your noble friends do lack you.

MACB. I do forget :—
 Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, love and health to all :
 Then I 'll sit down :—Give me some wine, fill full :—

Enter Ghost.

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
 And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss : 90
 Would he were here ! to all and him we thirst,
 And all to all.

LORDS. Our duties, and the pledge.

MACB. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! Let the earth
 hide thee !

75 *Blood hath been shed ere now.* "A thrust with a dirk or a stroke with a sword was the time-hallowed and custom-acknowledged method of ridding the world of an enemy, and Bothwell had evidently not been prepared for such an outburst of passion about a mere murder." (Froude, *History of England*, ix. p. 9.) Though Shakspeare could not remember Darnley's murder (which happened when he was three years old), yet the accession of James seems to have directed his thoughts that way, as the murder and remarriage in Hamlet may show. And thus the words 'push us from our stools' may here refer indirectly to Mary's dethronement. See the note on Act i. Sc. 7.

76 *The gentle weal.* Before statutes purged the common-wealth into gentleness—prolepsis.

91 *To all and him we thirst.* 'I long to drink his health and that of all : and to wish every one all good.'

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with !

LADY M. Think of this, good peers,
 But as a thing of custom : 't is no other ;
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACB. What man may dare, I dare :
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, 100
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble : Or, be alive again,
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
 If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !

[*Ghost disappears.*
 Unreal mockery, hence !—Why, so ;—being gone,
 I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

LADY M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
 good meeting,
 With most admir'd disorder.

MACB. Can such things be, 110
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
 Without our special wonder ? You make me strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 When mine are blanch'd with fear.

ROSSE. What sights, my lord ?

LADY M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse and
 worse ;
 Question enrages him : at once, good night :—
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

96 *No speculation.* None of a living man's intelligence.
 See Messrs. Clark and Wright's note.

105 *I inhabit then.* If I keep house, shrink under shelter ;
 but the emendation 'I inhibit thee' (refuse thee) is to be preferred.

106 *The baby of a girl.* The doll which a girl plays with, 'a
 babe of clouts.'

111 *Overcome us.* Come over us.

113 *The disposition that I owe.* You make me surprised even
 at my own disposition. So Dr. Delius : it might be 'even at the
 firmness of my own wife, which I ought to know.'

LEN. Good night, and better health 120
Attend his majesty !

LADY M. A kind good night to all !
[*Exeunt* Lords and Attendants.

MACB. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

LADY M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACB. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

LADY M. Did you send to him, sir?

MACB. I hear it by the way; but I will send: 130

There's not a one of them, but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow

(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:

More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,

All causes shall give way; I am in blood

Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;

Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd. 140

LADY M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACB. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*]

122 *Blood will have blood.* So Wordsworth (vii. p. 171) speaks of the

“ . . . Beliefs coiled serpent-like about

The adage on all tongues, ‘murder will out.’ ”

124 *Augurs and understood relations.* That is, augurs by the help of understood relations between omens and events—hendiadys.

130 *I hear it by the way.* I only heard casually that he intended to refuse if I sent for him.

133 *Betimes.* To be sounded like a monosyllable; *weird* as a dissyllable.

142 *My strange and self-abuse.* My strange misuse of myself is but a beginner's fear which harder practice dispels. The objective *self* is treated as an adjective, as in 5, 7, 100.

SCENE V.—*The Heath. Thunder.**Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.*

FIRST WITCH. Why, how now, Hecate? you look
angrily.

HEC. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done 10
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and everything beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend 20
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security

1 *Angerly* for angerlike. The termination 'ly,' as in 'featly,' is an abridgment of 'like.'

24 *A . . . drop profound.* Full of secret power. Steevens quotes Lucan, 6, 666 ('vires large lunare ministrat') to shew that the drop meant was one of foam or poison shed by the moon on particular herbs.

32 *Security.* In the strength of an illusion he shall lose all

Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[SONG. *Within* "Come away, come away," &c.]

Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,

Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Exit.*

FIRST WITCH. Come, let 's make haste : she 'll soon
be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, and another Lord.

LEN. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther : only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne : The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth :—marry, he was dead :—
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late :
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father—damned fact ! 10
How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep :
Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely too ;
For 't would have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well : and I do think,

fitfulness and misgivings, all looking backward and repentance,
all forethought and fear. See Gervinus, vol. ii. page 186.
'Security' is the temper of Lamech in Gen. iv. 23, or of Shak-
spere's Richard the Third. Cp. Webster, Duchess of Malfi, v. 2 :

"Security some men call the suburbs of hell,
Only a dead wall between."

1 *Have but hit your thoughts.* Were only intended to stir
your thoughts.

3 *Strangely borne.* Strangely managed.

4 *Marry, he was dead.* The idea seems to be that Duncan
and Banquo were both pitied by Macbeth, but somehow or other
Duncan was slain and Banquo took a walk too late in the night.

8 *Who cannot want the thought.* For those who, like you
and me, cannot avoid the thought that the princes could not,
without being monsters, have killed their father, night walking
may turn out dangerous. See the Append. on Shakspere's
negatives.

That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
 (As, an 't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
 What 't were to kill a father ; so should Fleance. 20
 But, peace !—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace : Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself ?

LORD. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court ; and is receiv'd
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect : Thither Macduff
 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid 30
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward :
 That, by the help of these, (with Him above
 To ratify the work,) we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights ;
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives ;
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honours ;—
 All which we pine for now : And this report
 Hath so exasperate the king, that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

LEN.

Sent he to Macduff ?

LORD. He did : and with an absolute, " Sir, not I," 40
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums ; as who should say, " You 'll rue the time
 That clogs me with this answer."

LEN.

And that well might

Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of England, and unfold
 His message ere he come ; that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country
 Under a hand accus'd !

LORD.

I 'll send my prayers with him ! [Exeunt.]

21 *From broad words.* Because of some bold expressions.

27 *The most pious Edward.* See Introduction.

40 *With an absolute "Sir, not I."* Receiving for an answer an absolute 'no.'

48 *Suffering under a hand accursed.* Hyperbaton, as it stands in the text. So in Hen. VIII. iii. 1 : "Bring me a constant woman to her husband," for 'a woman constant.'

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron boiling. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

FIRST WITCH. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

SECOND WITCH. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

THIRD WITCH. Harpier cries: 'T is time, 't is time.

FIRST WITCH. Round about the caldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone,

Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble;

10

Fire, burn: and, caldron, bubble.

SECOND WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the caldron boil and bake:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble;

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble;

20

Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

THIRD WITCH. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;

Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,

3 *Harpier cries.* Some editors read 'harpy' (as the harpy is one of Ariel's forms in the Tempest). In any case the animals are familiar spirits, as in Act i. Sc. 1, here employed in watching the caldron for their mistresses.

8 *Sweltered venom sleeping got.* Sweated forth the venom which it had contracted in its sleep—or (with the parts of speech different) 'contracted during its sleep a venom inhaled through its skin.'

14 *A newt.* This is said to be a corruption for 'an eft,' as conversely 'an eyas' is for 'a nias' ('nidiace,' nestling); and 'an adder' for 'a nadder' (Germ. 'Natter').

23 *Mummy.* The Cambridge editors quote Sir T. Browne to the effect that mummy powder was held to be a medicine against

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark ;
 Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark ; 25
 Liver of blaspheming Jew ;
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
 For the ingredients of our caldron.

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble ; 35
 Fire, burn ; and, caldron, bubble.

SECOND WITCH. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and the other three Witches.

HEC. O, well done ! I commend your pains ;
 And every one shall share i' the gains, 40
 And now about the caldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in. *[Music and a Song.]*

SECOND WITCH. By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes :—
 Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

MACB. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags.
 What is 't you do ?

ALL. A deed without a name.

MACB. I conjure you, by that which you profess, 50
 (Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me :
 Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
 Against the churches : though the yesty waves

all disorders. 'The Egyptian mummies which Cambyzes spared, avarice now consumeth : Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.' *Gulf.* The swallow ; connected with 'gulp.'

24 *Ravined.* Ravening. Cp. As You Like It, Act iii. Sc. 3—

"O knowledge, ill-inhabited !"

and the German 'er kam geritten, gekrochen,' &c.

26 *Liver:* whence comes his bile and spitefulness.

33 *Chaudron.* Entrails ; as we have 'calves' chaudrons and chitterlings.'

52 *Though you untie the winds, &c.* Even if to answer me you must bring all earth to wrack and ruin.

Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me 60
To what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH. Speak.

SECOND WITCH. Demand.

THIRD WITCH. We'll answer.

FIRST WITCH. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our masters'?

MACB. Call them, let me see them.

FIRST WITCH. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

ALL. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

MACB. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

FIRST WITCH. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

APP. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.

[Descends.]

MACB. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But one word more:—

FIRST WITCH. He will not be commanded: Here's
another,
More potent than the first.

55 *Bladed corn.* Corn already in the blade; unless 'bleaded' is the true reading, that is 'ripe corn.'

59 *Nature's germins.* See the note on King Lear, iv. 6. 137.

60 *Till destruction sicken.* Till the destroying power wearies of its work.

An armed head. Probably a reminiscence of the enchantments ascribed to Roger Bacon. The child-forms may refer to the splendid passage at page 35—see the note there.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

APP. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

MACB. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

APP. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born 80
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*]

MACB. Then live, Macduff: What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

*Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a
Tree in his Hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

ALL. Listen, but speak not to't.

APP. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care 90
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*]

MACB. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart 100
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL. Seek to know no more.

78 *Had I three ears.* I will hear you with every power of my nature; and would with more, if I had more. Archbishop Whateley, in his 'Rhetoric,' remarks on the false meaning which would be given to this passage, if corresponding accents were thrown on the words 'three' and 'hear.'

98 *Our high-placed Macbeth.* He who is so called by his subjects. So a Greek master called himself *αὐτός* in addressing his slaves, and the driver of Italian galley-slaves was called the '*nostramo*.'

MACB. I will be satisfied : deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me know :—
Why sinks that caldron ? and what noise is this ?

[*Hautboys.*

FIRST WITCH. Show !

SECOND WITCH. Show !

THIRD WITCH. Show !

ALL. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ; 110
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order ;
the last with a Glass in his hand ; BANQUO following.*

MACB. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ; down !
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs :—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :—
A third is like the former :—Filthy hags !
Why do you show me this ?—A fourth ?—Start, eyes !
What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?
Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I 'll see no more :—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more ; and some I see, 120
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry :
Horrible sight !—Now, I see, 't is true ;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so ?

FIRST WITCH. Ay, sir, all this is so :—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights ;
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round : 130
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*

MACB. Where are they ? Gone ?—Let this pernicious
hour

110 *Show his eyes.* Show yourselves to his eyes.

121 *Two-fold balls.* Those of the English and Scottish regalias. So three sceptres ; those of England, Scotland, and Ireland, which were united in King James.

123 *Blood-boltered.* With his hair clotted with blood. Malone states that the word is still common in Warwickshire as applied to hair or wool tufted by grime or perspiration.

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

LEN. What's your grace's will?

MACB. Saw you the weird sisters?

LEN. No, my lord.

MACB. Came they not by you?

LEN. No, indeed, my lord.

MACB. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by? 140

LEN. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word.
Macduff is fled to England.

MACB. Fled to England?

LEN. Ay, my good lord.

MACB. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done;
The castle of Macduff I will surprise, 150
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Fife. A Room in MACDUFF'S Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her SON, and ROSSE.

LADY MACD. What had he done to make him fly the
land?

145 *Flighty.* Fleeting, 'flüchtig.' The meaning is that purposes seem always to become impossible unless they are acted upon instantly.

147 *The very firstlings of my heart.* All that I conceive shall be executed as soon as conceived.

150 *The castle of Macduff.* Dunnemarle Castle, near Culross, on the Forth.

152 *All unfortunate souls.* Every one who is unlucky enough to be of his lineage.

ROSSE. You must have patience, madam.

LADY MACD. He had none :
His flight was madness : When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

ROSSE. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

LADY MACD. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave his
babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

ROSSE. My dearest coz,
I pray you school yourself : But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further :
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves ; when we hold rumour
From what we fear ; yet know not what we fear ; 20
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move.—I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again :
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

LADY MACD. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

ROSSE. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :
I take my leave at once. [Exit ROSSE.

LADY MACD. Sirrah, your father 's dead ; 30
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

SON. As birds do, mother.

7 *In a place* refers, of course, only to the preceding line.

17 *The fits of the season.* The shifting gusts of the times.

19 *And do not know ourselves.* When we are traitors without knowing ourselves to be so. *Hold rumour.* Gather reports.

28 *I am so much a fool.* I am in so foolish a mood, that, a moment longer, and I should add to your sorrow by weeping myself.

LADY MACD. What, with worms and flies ?

SON. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

LADY MACD. Poor bird ! thou 'dst never fear the net,
nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

SON. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they are not
set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

LADY MACD. Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do for a
father ?

SON. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

LADY MACD. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market. 40

SON. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

LADY MACD. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and yet,
i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

SON. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

LADY MACD. Ay, that he was.

SON. What is a traitor ?

LADY MACD. Why, one that swears and lies.

SON. And be all traitors that do so ?

LADY MACD. Every one that does so is a traitor, and
must be hanged. 50

SON. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie ?

LADY MACD. Every one.

SON. Who must hang them ?

LADY MACD. Why, the honest men.

SON. Then the liars and swearers are fools : for there
are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men,
and hang up them.

LADY MACD. Now God help thee, poor monkey ! But
how wilt thou do for a father ? 60

SON. If he were dead, you 'd weep for him : if you
would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have
a new father.

LADY MACD. Poor prattler ! how thou talkest !

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you known,

42 *With all thy wit.* And a poor allowance it is.

45 *Ay, that he was*—a traitor to me and you ; hardly to
Macbeth, as Gervinus explains it.

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
 I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly :
 If you will take a homely man's advice,
 Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.
 To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ; 70
 To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
 Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you !
 I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*]

LADY MACD. Whither should I fly ?
 I have done no harm. But I remember now
 I am in this earthly world ; where, to do harm,
 Is often laudable ; to do good, sometime,
 Accounted dangerous folly : why then, alas !
 Do I put up that womanly defence,
 To say, I have done no harm ? What are these faces ?

Enter Murderers.

MUR. Where is your husband ? 80

LADY MACD. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
 Where such as thou mayst find him.

MUR. He 's a traitor.

SON. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain.

MUR. What, you egg ? [*Stabbing him.*]
 Young fry of treachery !

SON. He has kill'd me, mother :
 Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*]
 [*Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying "Murder," and pursued*
by the Murderers.]

SCENE III.—*England. A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

MAL. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
 Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACD. Let us rather,

66 *I am perfect.* Thoroughly acquainted with your rank and
 name.

72 *Which is too nigh.* Yet even this is too close at hand.

83 *Shag-eared.* Possibly 'shag-haired' (shock-headed), as
 Delius reads the word. Readers of Manzoni will remember the
 'ciuffo,' or shock of hair, which marked the hired bravo in Italy.
 See 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1, 167—"A shag-haired crafty kern."
 'Shag-eared' may however mean 'with hanging ears,' a natural
 enough term of contempt.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
 (Those precious motives, those strong knots of love),
 Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
 But mine own safeties :—You may be rightly just, 30
 Whatever I shall think.

MACD. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
 Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
 For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
 The title is affeer'd.—Fare thee well, lord :
 I would not be the villain that thou think'st
 For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
 And the rich East to boot.

MAL. Be not offended ;
 I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
 I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
 It weeps, it bleeds : and each new day a gash 40
 Is added to her wounds : I think, withal,
 There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
 And here, from gracious England, have I offer
 Of goodly thousands : But, for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
 Shall have more vices than it had before ;
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

MACD. What should he be ?
 MAL. It is myself I mean : in whom I know 50
 All the particulars of vice so grafted,
 That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
 Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compared

26 *In that rawness.* With so little forethought.

34 *The title is affeer'd.* From 'affeurer' (ad forum), to fix a market price ; hence 'to affeer an amerciament' is to assess a fine when the law does not prescribe any particular sum ; and, here, 'to affeer a title' is to confirm it.

50 *It is myself I mean.* This singular scene is taken directly from the chroniclers. 'First,' says Malcolm in Holinshed, 'mine intemperance would be more importable to you than the bloudie tyrannie of Macbeth now is I am also the most avaritious creature in the world I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings and all kinds of deceit.'

With my confineless harms.

MACD. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

MAL. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name : But there's no bottom, none, 60
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will : Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

MACD. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may 70
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

MAL. With this there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house : 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

MACD. This avarice
Sticks deeper ; grows with more pernicious root

58 *Luxurious*. This word, as Abp. Trench in his 'Select Glossary' points out, has its sense of 'lascivious' from the Latin of the schoolmen, and is always so used by Shakspere.

71 *Convey your pleasures*. Give your desires the rein.

72 *Hoodwink the time*. Blind all those about you.

80 *His jewels*. The jewels of one.

Than summer-seeming lust ; and it hath been
 The sword of our slain kings : Yet do not fear ;
 Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
 Of your mere own : All these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd. 90

MAL. But I have none : The king-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them ; but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

MACD. O Scotland ! Scotland ! 100

MAL. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
 I am as I have spoken.

MACD. Fit to govern !
 No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
 And does blaspheme his breed ?—thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king : the queen, that bore thee,
 Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet, 110

86 *Summer-seeming.* Which appears to belong to the hey-day of youth, and to pass with it.

87 *The sword of our slain kings.* So the revolt of the Netherlands was produced by the tax of the 'tenth penny' much more than by Alva's cruel executions ; the Vespers of Palermo by the attempt of the French to tax every vine and every goat in Sicily.

88 *Foysons.* Abundance (fusio). The word is used by Boileau in speaking of bad wine :

"C'est en vain que j'y mets à foison

De l'eau dont j'espère adoucir le poison."

95 *No relish of them.* No taste of them in me.

96 *In the division.* Under the head of each particular crime.

99 *Uproar.* 'Aufrühren,' stir up.

104 *Untitled tyrant.* A tyrant who has no title to the crown.

107 *By his own interdiction.* By curses self-pronounced.

Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !
 These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
 Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
 Thy hope ends here !

MAL. Macduff, this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his power ; and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste : But God above 120
 Deal between thee and me ! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction ; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman ; never was forsworn ;
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;
 At no time broke my faith ; would not betray
 The devil to his fellow ; and delight
 No less in truth, than life : my first false speaking 130
 Was this upon myself : What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command :
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 All ready at a point, was setting forth :
 Now we'll together : And the chance of goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?
 MACD. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
 'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

MAL. Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray
 you ? 140

DOCT. Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls
 That stay his cure : their malady convinces

111 *Fare thee well.* 'Fare,' as S. Walker shews (p. 139), is treated as a dissyllable.

135 *At a point.* Thoroughly prepared. The expression is also used in the sense of 'quite resolved.'

136 *The chance of goodness.* And may the happy result be like (that of) our quarrel which is made so thoroughly good.

142 *Convinces the great assay.* Overcomes the utmost striving of art.

The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

MAL. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

MACD. What 's the disease he means?

MAL. 'T is call'd the evil ;

A most miraculous work in this good king :
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people, 150
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures :
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers : and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter ROSSE.

MACD. See, who comes here?

MAL. My countryman ; but yet I know him not. 160

MACD. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MAL. I know him now : Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers !

ROSSE. Sir, Amen.

MACD. Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSSE. Alas, poor country ;

144 *Such sanctity.* Up to the year 1719 our Prayer Book contained a service to be used when the king touched for the scrofula or 'king's evil.' Some of the last instances were when an attempt was made to exercise this power were when Dr. Johnson was touched (ineffectually) at the age of two years by Queen Anne : when, in 1716, Christopher Lovel was 'cured' by the Chevalier at Avignon : and when, in 1745, Prince Charles at Holyrood touched a child for the evil. Bishop Bull, Sermon V., speaks strongly to the effectiveness of this ceremony ("that shred of miraculous power still remaining to our faithful kings") : the latest biographer of Bishop Ken (who is the opposite to sceptical) considers that the only real effect was the piece of gold which the king hung round the patient's neck. As James I. was much in the habit of performing these 'cures,' the passage is probably introduced in compliment to him.

Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
 Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell 170
 Is there scarce ask'd, for who ; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying, or ere they sicken.

MACD. O, relation,
 Too nice, and yet too true !

MAL. What's the newest grief ?

ROSSE. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
 Each minute teems a new one.

MACD. How does my wife ?

ROSSE. Why, well.

MACD. And all my children ?

ROSSE. Well too.

MACD. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

ROSSE. No ; they were well at peace, when I did leave
 them. 180

MACD. Be not a niggard of your speech : How goes it ?

ROSSE. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
 Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
 Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
 Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
 For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :
 Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
 Would create soldiers, make our women fight
 To doff their dire distresses.

MAL. Be't their comfort,
 We are coming thither : gracious England hath
 Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ; 190

170 *A modern ecstasy.* An ordinary madness. Thus, in *As You Like It*, 'modern instances' mean ordinary instances ; and in *iv. i.*, 'modern apprehension' has the same sense. See the note at the latter place.

174 *Too nice.* Too particular.

175 *Doth hiss the speaker.* If a man tells a crime that is an hour old they say 'buzz' to him for stale news. (*Hamlet*, Act ii. Sc. i.)

190 *Good Siward*, Earl of Northumbria. Palgrave, *Anglo-Saxons*, page 282.

An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

ROSSE. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

MACD. What concern they ?
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast ?

ROSSE. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

MACD. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

ROSSE. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

MACD. Humph ! I guess at it.

ROSSE. Your castle is surpris'd ; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

MAL. Merciful heaven !—
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break. 210

MACD. My children too ?

ROSSE. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

192 *Gives out.* Sends forth.

195 *Should not latch them.* Should not take them ; from the Saxon 'laeccan.' So we have 'lynnes for to latch foolles,' see Div. of Purley, page 568.

196 *A fee-grief.* A private grief, from 'feodum,' a fief, or property.

206 *On the quarry.* On the bodies. The word is French ; 'curée,' probably derived from 'curer,' to clear out a hollow thing ; in this case, to disembowel—a solemn ceremony at which woodcraft desired the presence of the châtelaine, (see Browning's 'Flight of the Duchess.') Hence it has secondarily the meaning assigned to it in the Glossary to Coriolanus ; that which is cleared out, the entrails, &c., which are given to the dogs.

210 *Whispers the o'er-fraught heart.* Turns inward to the over-fraught heart.

MACD. And I must be from thence! My wife kill'd too?

ROSSE. I have said.

MAL. Be comforted :

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

MACD. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?

Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

MAL. Dispute it like a man.

MACD. I shall do so ; 220

But I must also feel it as a man :

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls : Heaven rest them now.

MAL. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACD. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes, 230
And braggart with my tongue!—But gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission ; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

MAL. This time goes manly.

Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave : Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may ;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.* 240

216 *He has no children.* Had Macbeth had children, he
could not have done it. Cp. Hen. VI. Act v. Sc. 5—

"You have no children, butchers : if you had
The thought of them would have stirred up remorse."

225 *Naught that I am.* Worthless that I am.

235 *This time goes manly.* This tune has a manly sound.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

DOCT. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

GENT. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. 9

DOCT. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

GENT. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCT. You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

GENT. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. 21

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

DOCT. How came she by that light?

GENT. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

DOCT. You see, her eyes are open.

GENT. Ay, but their sense is shut.

11 *To receive at . . . the benefit of sleep.* Such sleep is unrefreshing (pace Doctoris).

27 *'Tis her command.* 'Light must be left beside her continually,' says Dr. Bucknill—'was this to avert the presence of those "sightless substances" once impiously invoked?' (Act i. Sc. 5.) She seems washing her hands, and 'continues in this a quarter of an hour.' What a comment on her former boast, "a little water clears us of this deed."

28 *Her eyes are open.* As in Millais' picture of 'the Sleep-walker.'

DOCT. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands. 31

GENT. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY M. Yet here 's a spot.

DOCT. Hark, she speaks : I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly. 38

LADY M. Out, damned spot ! out, I say !—One ; Two : Why, then 't is time to do 't :—Hell is murky !—Fie, my lord, fie ! a soldier, and afeard ? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account ?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him !

DOCT. Do you mark that ?

LADY M. The thane of Fife had a wife ; Where is she now ?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean ?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that : you mar all with this starting. 50

DOCT. Go to, go to ; you have known what you should not.

GENT. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that : Heaven knows what she has known.

LADY M. Here 's the smell of the blood still : all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh ! oh ! oh !

DOCT. What a sigh is there ! The heart is sorely charged. 60

GENT. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCT. Well, well, well,—

GENT. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

DOCT. This disease is beyond my practice : Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

LADY M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown ; look not so pale :—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out on 's grave. 71

DOCT. Even so ?

LADY M. To bed, to bed ; there's knocking at the gate.

47 *The thane of Fife.* Macduff; she thinks of the last murders.

Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone ; To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit* LADY MACBETH.

DOCT. Will she go now to bed ?

GENT. Directly.

DOCT. Foul whisperings are abroad : Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles : Infected minds 80
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God, forgive us all ! Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her :—So, good night :
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight :
I think, but dare not speak.

GENT.

Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS,
ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

MENT. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them : for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

ANG. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

CATH. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother ?

LEN. For certain, sir, he is not : I have a file
Of all the gentry : there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now 10
Protest their first of manhood.

MENT.

What does the tyrant ?

86 *She has mated*—terrified me. The word seems connected with the German 'matt,' meaning nearly 'unstrung : 'mated or stark mad,' is used in the *Taming of the Shrew*.

2 *His uncle Siward.* According to the chronicle Duncan had married a daughter of Siward, who was therefore Malcolm's grandfather.

5 *The mortified man.* Their deep-felt injuries would incite the veriest ascetic to face the alarm and blood of war. *Love's Labour Lost*, i. 1, 28.

CATH. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies :
Some say he 's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

ANG. Now does he feel
His secret murthers sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief. 20

MENT. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

CATH. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd :
Meet we the medicin of the sickly weal ;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

LEN. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds. 30
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—*Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

MACB. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all ;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm ?
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus :
" Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false thanes,

16 *Within the belt of rule.* He cannot keep his disaffected
partisans to their obedience.

18 *Minutely revolts.* Revolts every minute.

27 *The medicin.* The physician ; Malcolm. So Winter's
Tale, Act iv. Sc. 3—

" Camillo . . . the medicin of our house."

29 *Each drop of us.* And let us join here in shedding every
drop of our life to purge our country.

And mingle with the English epicures :
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear. 10

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon ;
Where gott'st thou that goose look ?

SERV. There is ten thousand—

MACB.

Geese, villain ?

SERV.

Soldiers, sir.

MACB. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ?
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?

SERV. The English force, so please you.

MACB. Take thy face hence.—Seyton !—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say !—This push 20

Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.

I have liv'd long enough : my way of life

Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf :

And that which should accompany old age,

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have ; but in their stead,

Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton !—

8 *The English epicures.* See Introduction. In Holinshed, Macduff thus apostrophizes Malcolm : "O ye unhappy and miserable Scottishmen ! Ye have one wicked and cursed tyrant that now reigneth over you—and this other is so replete with the inconstant behaviour and manifold vices of Englishmen, that he is unworthy to enjoy it."

10 *Shall never sagg.* 'Sink' or 'droop,' as in the translation of Dubartas—

"The horizon's ill-levelled circle wide,

Would sag too much on one or th' other side."

From this root comes the German 'seicht,' sunken or shallow, and 'Seiger,' for an hour-glass. A 'seggit' roof, too, means one which has sunk inward.

14 *Over-red thy fear.* Get some red to cover your paleness.

23 *Into the sere* (a substantive), 'into decay.' The emendation, 'my May of life,' first proposed by Johnson, has been supported by many editors. But could Macbeth ever have had 'a May of life' ?

Enter SEYTON.

SEY. What's your gracious pleasure?

MACB. What news more? 30

SEY. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

MACB. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.

SEY. 'T is not needed yet.

MACB. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skir the country round ;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour :—
How does your patient, doctor?

DOCT. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

MACB. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd : 40
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCT. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

MACB. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff :—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me :—
Come, sir, despatch :—If thou couldst, doctor, cast 50
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?

DOCT. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

MACB. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,

35 *Skir the country.* 'Quatere agros,' to skim the country.
So, 'to skirl' means to slide in provincial English.

54 *Pull 't off, I say.* Either he finds fault with his armourer,
or means, 'yet I might as well pull it off.'

55 *Senna.* The various readings are 'cyme,' an unknown
word, and 'cœny.' 'Senna' is probably correct.

Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [Exit. 60

DOCT. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Country near Dunsinane. A Wood in view.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.

MAL. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

MENT. We doubt it nothing.

SIW. What wood is this before us?

MENT. The wood of Birnam.

MAL. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

SOLD. It shall be done.

SIW. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

MAL. 'T is his main hope : 10
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

MACD. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

SIW. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate : 20
Towards which advance the war. [Exeunt, marching.

4 *Hew him down a bough.* A mark of the same kind of caution which dictated his trial of Macduff in Act iv. Sc. 3.

11 *Advantage to be given.* Wherever they can get a favourable opportunity.

12 *More and less.* Small and great have revolted from him.

14 *Our just censures.* Let us judge our foes after we have beaten them.

18 *What we owe.* What we really have and what we only profess to have.

SCENE V.—*Dunsinane. Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.

MACB. Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;
The cry is still, " They come : " Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up :
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise ?

[*A cry within, of women.*]

SEY. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

MACB. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd 10
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in 't : I have supp'd full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry ?

SEY. The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACB. She should have died hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

5 *Forc'd with those.* Reinforced with those who should have been on our side.

6 *Beard to beard.* Bearding them as they do us.

12 *A dismal treatise.* A horrid narrative.

18 *A time for such a word,* (which now we cannot take into our hearts amid the press of war.)

19 *To-morrow.* It is remarkable how often, and with what wonderful variety of thought, Shakspere's mind, in the last years of his life, appears to have dwelt upon death. 'We in our folly,' says Macbeth, 'reckon upon a hereafter in which day follows day ; but trace the days backward, and which of them has not had a death on the day preceding it. So may our to-morrow be if we die to-day.' In a somewhat different spirit, the cowardly Claudio, in *Measure for Measure* (iii. 1), employs all the frightful material images of the *Inferno*—the imprisonment in ice, the being blown about by the viewless winds, the contrast between life and motion and the "kneaded clod" that man must become. Lastly, the courageous but reflective Hamlet, in his celebrated soliloquy, is repelled from suicide by the dread uncertainty as to *what will be found* in that "undiscovered country" whence no traveller returns.

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, 20
 To the last syllable of recorded time ;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
 Life 's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

MESS. Gracious my lord, 30
 I should report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to do it.

MACB. Well, say, sir.

MESS. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I look'd toward Birnam, and, anon, methought,
 The wood began to move.

MACB. Liar, and slave ! [*Striking him.*]

MESS. Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so ;
 Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
 I say, a moving grove.

MACB. If thou speak'st false, 40
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
 Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth :
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.—

I pull in resolution ; and begin
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
 That lies like truth : " Fear not, till Birnam wood
 Do come to Dunsinane ;"—and now a wood
 Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out !—
 If this which he avouches does appear,
 There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here
 I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
 And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.— 50
 Ring the alarum-bell :—Blow wind ! come wrack !
 At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

24 *A poor player.* This expression seems to give a personal point to the reflections on death.

42 *I pull in resolution.* Johnson conjectured 'pall.' But we have in Fletcher (*Sea Voyage*, iii. 1):

" All my spirits,
 As if they had heard the passing bell go for me,
 Pull in their powers and give me up to destiny."

SCENE VI.—*The same. A plain before the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their army, with boughs.

MAL. Now, near enough ; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are :—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

SIW. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

MACD. Make all your trumpets speak ; give them all
breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. 10
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

MACB. They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he
That was not born of woman ? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

YO. SIW. What is thy name ?

MACB. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

YO. SIW. No ; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

MACB. My name's Macbeth.

YO. SIW. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

MACB. No, nor more fearful.

YO. SIW. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with my sword
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st. 11

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*]

4 *Young Siward.* His name was really Osbeorn ; his cousin Siward was however slain in the same battle. Mr. Freeman (ii. 615) discusses the story of his death and his father's Spartan heroism.

MACB. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

MACD. That way the noise is :—Tyrant, show thy face :
If thou be 'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves ; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be : 20
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune !
And more I beg not. [Exit. *Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

SIW. This way, my lord ;—the castle's gently render'd :
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

MAL. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

SIW. Enter, sir, the castle.
[Exeunt. *Alarum.*

SCENE VIII.—*Another part of the field.*

Enter MACBETH.

MACB. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword ? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

MACD. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

MACB. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

MACD. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword ; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out. [They fight.

3 *Do better on them.* Wounds look better on the living enemy
than on me.

MACB. Thou locest labour :
 As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
 With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed : 10
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
 To one of woman born.

MACD. Despair thy charm ;
 And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
 Untimely ripp'd.

MACB. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
 For it hath cow'd my better part of man !
 And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
 That palter with us in a double sense ; 20
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,
 And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

MACD. Then yield thee, coward,
 And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
 Painted upon a pole ; and underwrit,
 " Here may you see the tyrant."

MACB. I'll not yield,
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 30
 And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last : Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield : lay on, Macduff ;
 And damn'd be him that first cries, " Hold, enough."
 [Exeunt, fighting.]

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours,
 MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS,
 CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.

MAL. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
 SIW. Some must go off ; and yet, by these I see,
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MAL. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSSE. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt :
 He only liv'd but till he was a man ; 40

9 *Intrenchant.* Invulnerable.
 13 *Despair thy charm.* Hope not in thy charm.

The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

SIW. Then he is dead?

ROSSE. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

SIW. Had he his hurts before?

ROSSE. Ay, on the front.

SIW. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

MAL. He's worth more sorrow, 50
And that I'll spend for him.

SIW. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head.

MACD. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

ALL. Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flourish.*]

MAL. We shall not spend a large expense of time, 60
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad

42 *The unshrinking station.* The unshrinking attitude. So
in Hamlet—

“A station like the herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.”

63 *Henceforth be earls.* Earldormen; such as the Ethelred
was who married Alfred's daughter Ethelfleda, and ruled Mercia
under him as superior lord. (Palgrave's Saxons, page 233.)
For the titles of Dukes in Scotland, see King Lear, i. 1, note.

APPENDIX

ON SHAKSPERE'S NEGATIONS.

MACBETH, Act iii. Scene 6-8.

Who cannot want the thought. The explanation given above of this much-vexed passage appears simple and adequate, and only requires the removal of the stop at 'too late' and of the note of interrogation after 'father,' the insertion of which by the printers has obscured the sense. This makes it mean 'People must not walk too late, who, like you and me, cannot do away with the thought that it was, as Macbeth said, *monstrous* for the king's sons to kill their father.' The tone of the actor's voice would give an ironical turn to the word 'monstrous,' so as to make it mean 'too monstrous for belief.'

The maximum of confusion on the passage appears to be attained by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (July 1869), who points out, truly enough, that in Lowland Scotch, and therefore in old English, to 'want the thought' means 'to dispense with it.' He however forgets that the negative rhetorical question 'who cannot want?' is equivalent, not to the universal negative 'no one can dispense with,' but to the affirmative 'every one can dispense with'; put as 'who cannot see that the tree is tottering?' means 'every one can see that it is tottering.'

The Cambridge editors admit that the passage, as generally punctuated, gives a sense opposite to that which is required, but consider that this arises from a confusion like that which leads to the use of the pleonastic negatives in Greek, and to such expres-

sions in Shakspeare as 'he denied that you had in him no right.' They quote as parallel instances *Winter's Tale*, iii. 2, 55—

"I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first."

Ib. i. 2, 260—

"Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance."

King Lear, ii. 4, 140—

"I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Then she to scant her duty."

In the first passage the parallel appears close; as 'wanted' seems to stand for 'had.' But is not the expression modified by an idea also present in the writer's mind, 'I never heard that these bolder vices wanted the less degree of impudence which is required to deny a crime, when they had had the greater impudence to do it?' So in the third passage, the idea implied in the words 'you less know' is, 'it is rather you who do not know how to value her desert, than she who thinks of scanting her duty.' Lastly, in *Winter's Tale*, i. 2, 260, 'the execution' seems to be used in a legal sense for the warrant for 'fiat, or execution:' the meaning therefore being, 'If I have ever delayed to do a thing because I doubted as to its issue, so that the full legal warrant which you gave me to complete it should cry out against my slackness in not doing so.'

The conclusion to which these passages thus viewed appear to lead us is, that the supposed illogical negatives in Shakspeare have not this character really, but originate in the wish to express a subordinate idea, as well as the principal one, without making a second sentence for the purpose of conveying it.

SHAKSPEARE

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MACBETH

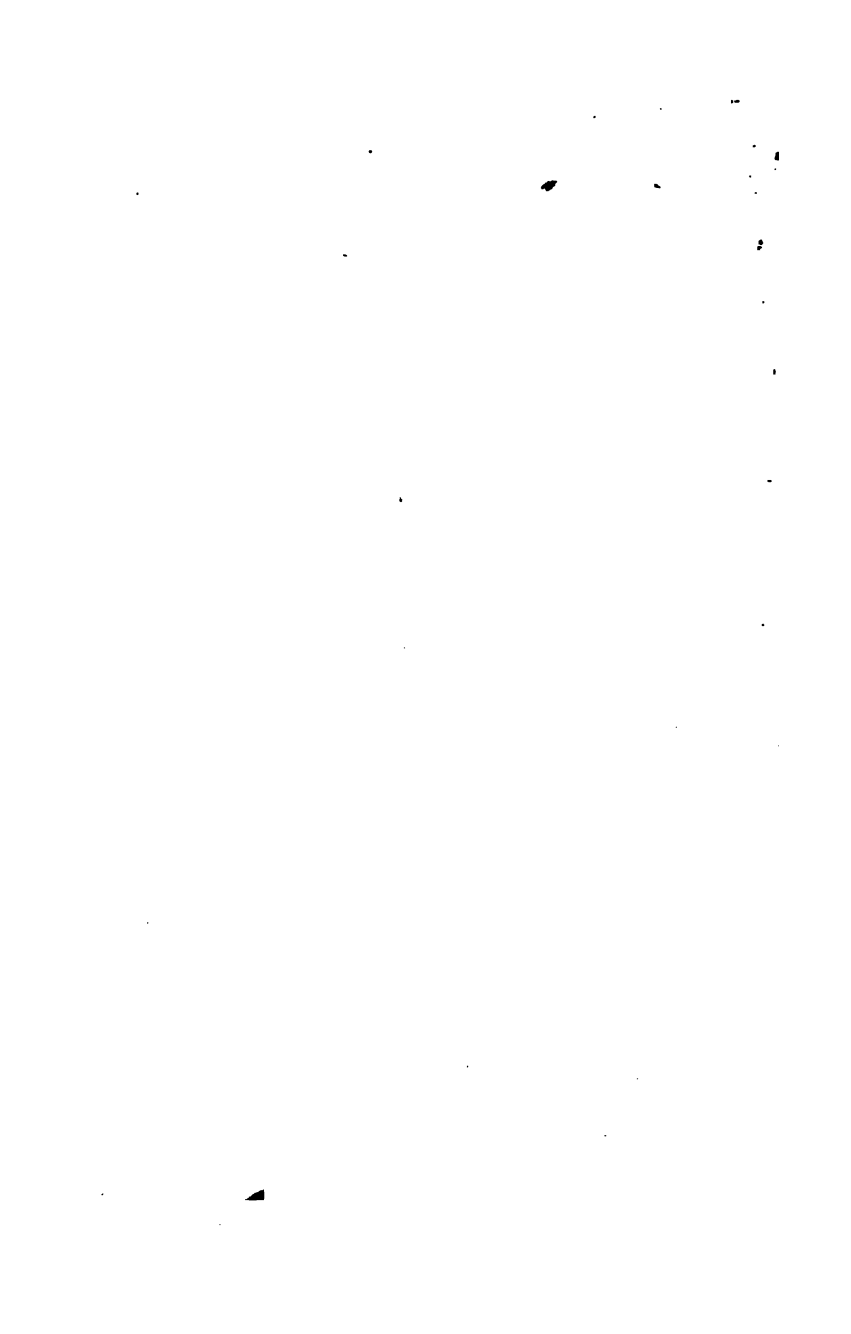
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